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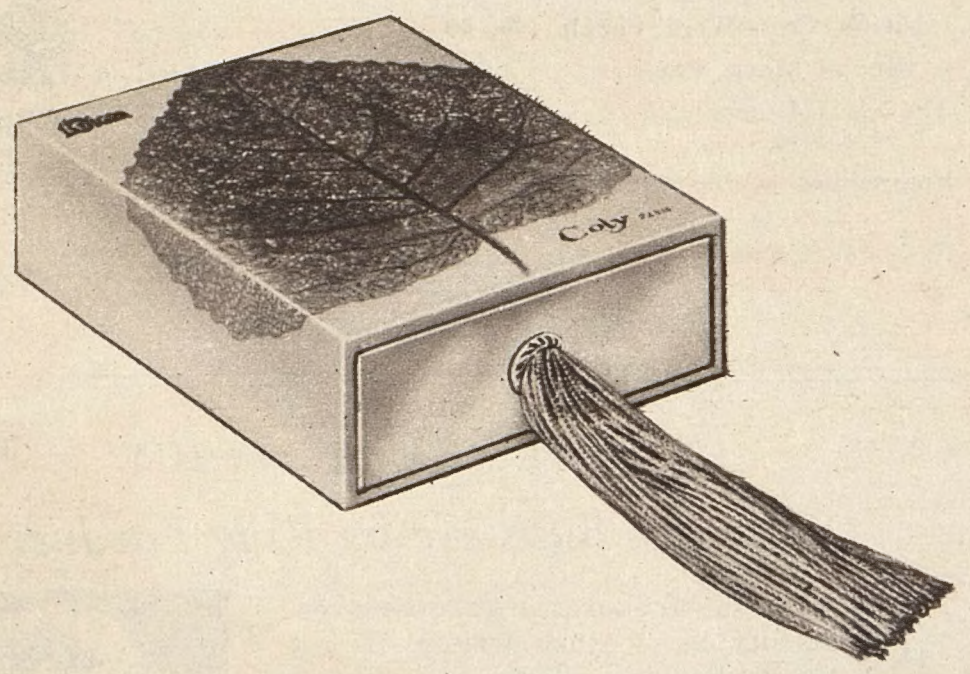

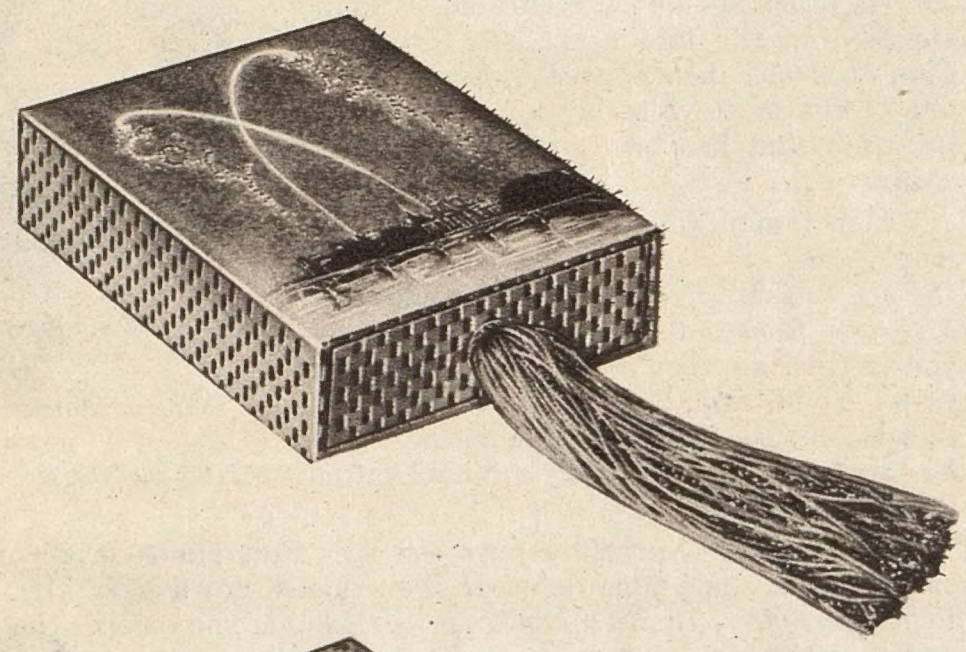

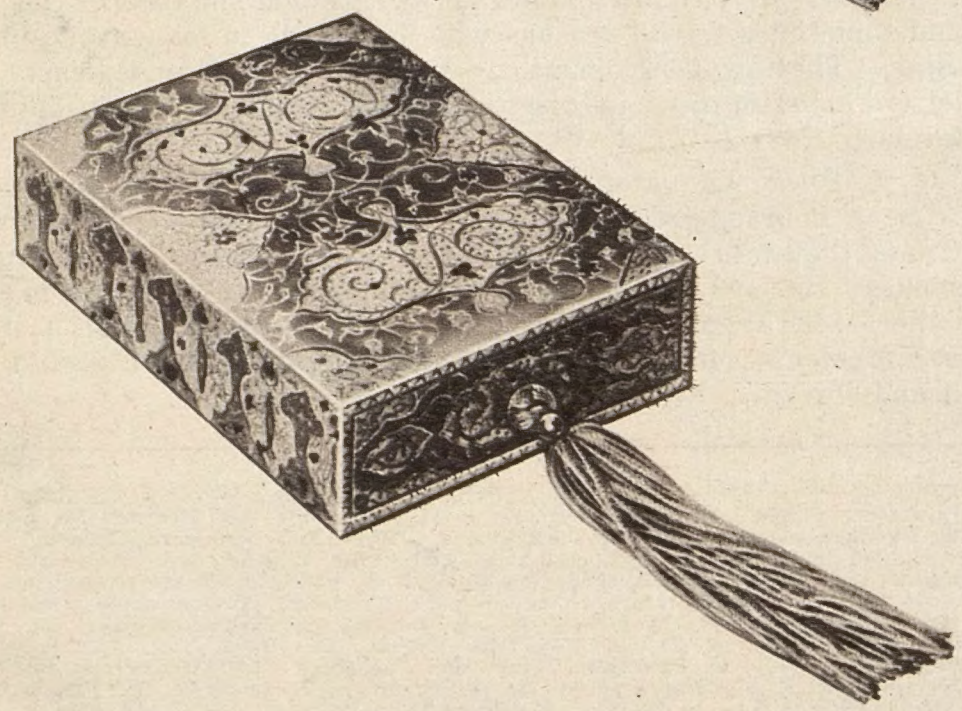

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

FORCE IN LIFE

Pacifists who would render this country powerless frequently say that nothing ever was settled by force. That is a great illusion. Force has been behind nearly all the great settlements in human affairs from the beginning when it determined that men could survive as a breed on the earth. People who think otherwise are trying to dodge something they regard as unpleasant and therefore nonexistent.

Force prescribes that the robin shall hide from the hawk and that the angleworm shall be food for the robin. Force is the law of nature and of man, who does, in kindliness, many times try to modify it, he being about the only sympathetic thing in the universe.

The United States as an independent nation is the product of force. Persuasion and protest failed, but force succeeded and it settled that Americans should be self-governed. Force determined that the nation should be united and not divided into two or more nations. Persuasion, compromise, and conciliation had been tried, but force decided and the decision has endured.

Force decided that Texas, California, New Mexico, etc., were to be American and not Mexican territory. It determined the kind of civilization which should exist. California might have remained Mexican or it might now be Russian or Japanese. Force settled that the United States should be occupied by civilized whites and not by red savages, who in turn had used force to determine what tribes should have the most coveted sections. The title to American soil rests on force.

It settled that Mexico should not be Spanish, and later that it should not be French. It decided that Great Britain and not France should have Canada and India. It decided that Great Britain should have a Roman civilization until 420, that it should be Saxon until 1066, and that then the Norman aristocracy should take it with such results as we see today. Force has kept it from being materially changed by other people.

War, which is force as human beings apply it to each other, has made settlements which lasted their time when all other methods failed. Force is not the only arbiter but it is the most determining one.

It decided how long the Roman Empire should live and how far it should spread. It decided the political history of the Greek republics. It decided whether Europe was to be white or Mongol. It decided whether it was to be Christian or Mohammedan. It decided whether the Moors were to remain in Spain. It made Japan the only competent, completely independent and protected country in Asia, aside from Afghanistan, where mountains and force preserved independence.

There is constant flux, but it is the flux of force. Whatever is on top is the most forceful. The mouse does not determine how the cat shall live. Strength takes what it needs and sometimes what it merely wants. Weakness survives only by the good will, the sympathy, or the sufferance of strength and it is better to extend good will, sympathy and sufferance than to be the beneficiary. And safer.

IN THIS ISSUE

Page

The Curse of Efficiency. *An essay on the futility of systems and slogans by one of their victims*.....By DON MARQUIS 5

The Soul Kiss. *A short story of a caress that saved the heroine in an amateur theatrical performance*.....By LAWRENCE PERRY 8

Pity the Poor Husband. *Some revelations concerning the emancipation of women under recent laws*.....By BRENDA UELAND 16

Picking 1925 Football Champions. *An expert analysis of current college teams and their prospects*.....By HUGH S. FULLERTON 19

How Much Work Does a King Do? *Revealing the unending round of toil in the Life of George V*.....By B. B. BATTERSBY 30

Why I Like a Small Town. *A tribute to life in the country's by-ways*.....By ZONA GALE 31

Liberty Offers $1,000 Weekly for Heroic and Kindly Deeds. *A sensational new feature, open to everybody*..... 34

$1,000 a Week for Titles to Liberty Covers. *The week's winners*..... 36

Caria. *Part two of a powerful serial of college life and of the love affairs of an ambitious woman*.....By HORATIO WINSLOW 37

Leaping Into Inky Space. *How it feels to jump from a crippled airplane and trust all to a parachute*.....By LIEUT. JOHN A. MACREADY 43

Liberty's Cross-Word Puzzle No. 40..... 46

A Page of Movie Reviews.....By RICHARD HALLIDAY 48

The Kid. *A story of a city gangster's crowded hour when he attempted to be a hero*.....By WILL F. JENKINS 51

Entertaining at the Afternoon Party. *Household hints*.....By ETHEL M. SOMERS 57

Ensemble Costumes Reappear in Rich Fabrics. *Fashions*.....By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS 58

Cover Design by Penrhyn Stanlaws

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

Another Bulls-eye by Ring Lardner

© U. & U.
William Merriam Rouse

PROOF of Mr. Lardner's amazing versatility as a story writer, if any proof should be requested, is amply supplied in the tale he calls *A Day with Conrad Green* in next week's Liberty. It's one of the most vivid bits of character delineation that has been published in many a day.

When a man falls in love with another man's wife, as does *Deacon Bill Smith* in the stirring story of that name by *William Merriam Rouse*, many things may happen; and in this tale they *do* happen, and happen fast. You'll find Bill Smith's battle royal in a roadhouse for possession of the woman he loves about as thrilling a bit of action writing as you've encountered in a long time.

Brenda Ueland, puzzling over the fact that almost every man on earth has at some time or other been turned down by a girl, set out to discover why. In *Mistakes Made in Romance* she records the various and sometimes trivial reasons why Jack fails to maneuver Jill to the altar. They range from poorly spelled words of endearment in his letters to stinginess in his finances! Here's an education for the lovelorn.

J. L. Buck, who lately brought to New York the first collection of African cobras, green mambas, boomslangs and horned rhinoceros vipers that ever reached our country, is a friend and defender of snakes. He says they aren't slimy to the touch or loathsome to the eye. Others fear them; he admires them. He tells all about it in *Some Big Moments with My Snakes*, as recorded by *Hazel Canning*. Read it and shiver!

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All my time and energy are being ground up in the mill of Efficiency which I have created; my life is being flung to the red maw of Order.

The Curse *of* Efficiency

A Plain Statement From One Who Is Through with Systems and Slogans, and Is Going to WORK

By
DON MARQUIS

Pictures by RALPH BARTON

ONE of the chief reasons why we don't get any more work done in this country is because we are so Industrious and Efficient.

I had long suspected this—without, indeed, allowing myself to know anything about Industry or Efficiency at first hand—and at last I have proved it.

I have become Industrious and Efficient myself; and now I am plumb ruined as far as turning out work is concerned.

I have built up a vast system for the production of literature, a far-reaching, complicated mechanism, and for six months I have sat at the center of it, fancying myself its master, pulling levers, shouting through speaking tubes, pressing buttons, shifting gears, waggling semaphores, exploding charges of dynamite, perspiring, receiving reports from aerial scouts, developing indigestion, meeting engagements by the split of a second and the breadth of a harelip, revolving great drive wheels with the piston rods of personality, writing slogans on the sky, answering tele-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIVE]

phones, wiring for new and improved filing cabinets, and . . .

And nothing has happened. That is, nothing in the way of work. I mean, nothing encouraging in the way of work. This morning one of the editors of a newspaper—(but why be stingy?)I mean the New York *Herald-Tribune,* for which I do a daily department—dropped into my Word Factory and said to me with an affectation of cheeriness which I felt at the time to be assumed:

"Well, old Fathead, I suppose you realize your column has gone all to hell lately!"

I had been too Busy and Efficient to realize it, but I took his word for it. Editors, long experience has taught me, always know a good deal more about what I write and what it means than I do; and I have never had the moral courage to tell one of them frankly when submitting an article, "There is far less in this than meets the eye."

But what he said to me after beginning the conversation as indicated above set me to thinking that perhaps during the last six months I had not really been the Master of my organization but its Slave. A Slave to Efficiency. Me!

And then, in the flash of an eye, for I think quickly in the presence of editors and peril in all forms, it came to me that what was the matter with the country as a whole was precisely what was the matter with me as an individual . . . too much Industry; too much Efficiency; too much Organization. Not enough rest between meals.

BEFORE passing on to the country as a whole I will analyze my own case just as carefully and impersonally as if I were speaking of a relation-in-law's complexes, and a relation-in-law who is making a visit during the hot weather, and in-laws should all be outlawed in hot weather. I will try and not be cruel to myself, for, after all, I am a human being, but I will be firm.

The truth is that, naturally, I have no more talent for Industry and Efficiency than a guinea pig has for mid-Victorian morality or the monastic life.

For twenty years—aye! for twenty-five years, for I have been a Promising Young Man in a literary way for well-nigh a quarter of a century—I was the enemy of Order. And Industry. And Efficiency. And Organization. And Punctuality. If a Slogan bit me I trod upon its head. If a man with a Do-It-Now look in his eye came into the place where I was sitting thinking about the Cosmos I would go and crawl into a cool, damp corner under the bar and stay there until somebody Did It and they carried him to the ambulance.

I spent years in Park Row dodging furtively around corners for fear I would meet face to face with Herb Swope or Horace Greeley's statue or Frank A. Munsey. Or maybe it was Benjamin Franklin's statue. Anyway, it was Frank Munsey. I hated to think about Toil. And I never did.

I brought a feeling of languor and lassitude into every company I joined. It was while he was looking at me one day that Christopher Morley (the greatest living philosopher since Ben De Casseres died and went into the moving picture business) got the idea for his Three Hours for Lunch Club.

But somehow things of mine got into print. I don't know how. I never did. I never shall know now. I wrote three hundred columns a year for a newspaper. And everybody said, "Pretty soft!" I don't know where I wrote them, or how, or when, but they always got to the printer some way or other.

I had two desks in the New York *Sun* office, but I never did any writing there because they were so covered up with manuscripts and letters and stuff that I couldn't get near them. Disorder. Inefficiency. Laziness. Vagueness. Clutterdom.

I had a desk and a kitchen table and a typewriter table full of half-finished work in a room at home. I never wrote in that room, but I would go in and stir things with an umbrella sometimes, and ideas would come out of the heap. Inefficiency. Lack of application. Inability to concentrate.

I had a room in a studio building in Brooklyn with two more desks in it. I am not lying or even stretching the story; there would be no point if I did. I used to go to the studio and smoke and sleep sometimes.

Everybody said I was the laziest person on earth. I thought I was myself. I did things for the magazines, essays and articles and short stories, and got lazier and lazier, and less and less efficient. I did some novels. I printed some poems. I wrote some plays.

I had an editorial department every week in a magazine. And got lazier and lazier and more and more inefficient all the time. I used to make speeches at the kind of soul-flights authors make speeches at. In ten years I published fourteen volumes. And all this besides my daily newspaper stint.

I hated work. I used to sit up all night and play poker to keep away from it. And I got lazier and lazier and lazier, and more and more people spoke of it. Now and then I would dash off something in the library of a club, or at home on the dining room table at night, or in one of the booths at Lipton's barroom, but it never amounted to anything; there wasn't any System in my efforts. The stuff kept coming out all the time, though, and I kept feeling lazier and lazier, and more and more inefficient. People used to speak to me about it.

No System. No Order. Inefficiency. Unpunctuality. No Application. No Concentration. No Hustle. Vagueness. Clutterdom.

And Dissipation. Yes, I Drank, too. I nearly forgot about that. I still have enormous biceps muscles which I acquired in the daily exercise of lifting heavy beer steins and highball glasses to my lips. I don't remember ever getting drunk. But I do remember sobering up every now and then. From which it seems natural to assume . . .

WHAT I mean is, I seemed to have time for parties. A man with no System, no Efficiency, no Order, always has time for parties. They just kind of cluster themselves around him. I was a great social favorite with a lot of waiters, and was even popular with certain of the lower classes such as advertising men and magazine executives.

I was happy, in a kind of way, in spite of what people said to me. I had time for everything that I fancied, including a nervous breakdown every year, an occasional case of pneumonia, and visits to the Follies and that cemetery in Brooklyn that is opposite Trommer's Beer Garden.

But everybody said I was ruining my life. What could I not have done in the way of Quantity Production, with System, Order, Efficiency, Industry! So six months ago, yielding to Public Clamor—for, after all, this is a Democracy, and no citizen has a right to any public parade of privacy—I installed Efficiency.

I haven't done a lick of work since until today.

I have been too Busy, too Industrious, too Efficient, too Systematic, too Orderly to get anything done. I toil like Hades from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M., and nothing happens. I don't drink any more. I don't even eat opium. And I never did lunch at the Algonquin Hotel. But I don't produce anything. What becomes of all my time?

Dear reader, I just discovered today: all my time and energy are being ground up in the mill of Efficiency which I have created; I follow, fainting, in the vain endeavor to keep up with my System; my life is being flung to the red maw of Order.

AS I sit here at this present moment I am surrounded by every device that the hellish ingenuity of the efficiency expert could invent for the destruction of a writing man.

Before me is a Clean Desk.

Behind me is a Dictaphone.

The shelves around the room are crowded with every possible reference book and every edition of every encyclopedia and dictionary and thesaurus known to the publishing trade; slogans gleam upon the walls; calendars with dates marked on them in red ink hang hypnotically within my line of vision; filing cabinets and card systems and cuspidors stand at attention in every corner; and I have but to move my right hand six inches and press upon the second electric button three times and my Secretary will see to it that within twelve minutes two theatrical producers, a book publisher, and a moving picture magnate are standing in a servile row before me, bowing and scraping and mewing for manuscripts.

If I press the first electric button a little door flies open in a cabinet, a bird sings, and two frosty glasses slide toward me across the desk. Once I pressed both buttons accidentally at the same time, and the publishers and producers arrived at the same time the glasses did—but pathos has no part in this narration.

My Secretary himself, a young man with a Driving Force and Slick Hair and a Dominant Chin, sits sternly at his own desk across the room, surrounded by improved typewriters, manifolding machines, and other doo-dads of Efficiency and Ikons of Industry that I have never dared ask him the use of. And all day long he Does It Now at a Clean Desk. And sees that I Do It Now. He rides hard on me.

Oh, God! It is a torture chamber!

"Where are you going, Mr. Marquis?" he says, if he sees me edging toward the door.

"I thought I'd like a little bite to eat," I say.

"At twelve-thirty you have a luncheon engagement at the Period Club with the Editor of Liberty," he says, "and you will leave here at twelve-eighteen for that engagement."

"Yes, sir," I say, and go and sit down again, and read slogans.

"You must be back at one-forty-nine," says the Demon, "and dictate letters to me until three-twenty-seven, after which I wish you to begin memorizing the speech I have written for you to make to the Better Music League at the Town Hall on August 15 at two-thirty o'clock."

"Yes, sir," I say; "thank you, sir, for reminding me."

"You will study the speech," he says, "until five o'clock. After that your time is your own. But please be here promptly at nine tomorrow morning. You were seven minutes late this morning."

He is never really severe with me. But I feel that he could be if it were necessary and I do not challenge him.

I never used to answer letters. But now

WHEN I wrote a letter in the old days it was something like this: Dear Sir: Hell's bells, I thought I'd paid the rent.

there is a Motto above my Clean Desk on the wall that says: ANSWER EVERY LETTER.

When I wrote a letter in the old days it was something like this:

DEAR SIR: Hell's bells, I thought I'd paid the rent.

Or else:

DEAR SIR: You don't need to get so fussed up about it; I guess I can move to another place; I always have; I don't think I really owe you anything, anyhow. You landlords always think people owe you, and if I wrote a piece for the paper the State Legislature took notice of I wonder where you and your gang of pirates would get off at.

But now I spend hours every day answering every letter, and they go like this:

Dr. Ezra Jackson, President Applejohn University, Ozark Junction, Ozark County, Missouri.

MY DEAR DOCTOR JACKSON:

It pleases me very much that your Senior class should have thought so much of my little poem, The Breath of Narcissus, and it is with delight that I comply with their request to send them a Message for Commencement Day.

My Message is, briefly, Industry Conquers All. I have no hesitation in saying that this applies to Poetry as well as to other lines in which they may find themselves engaged in future years.

I wish you would tell me how many members there are in the graduating class of dear old Applejohn this year, and how many of them are male and how many female, for I believe it is a co-educational institution, and, if memory does not fail me, one of our worthiest. I should like to send each of the males an autographed copy of my volume, Orthodox Tales, and each of the females my sonnet series entitled The Porch of Life.

I have watched the noble work of Applejohn University for many years with the keenest interest, and it flatters me beyond measure that this tiny little arrow of beauty which I shot into the air should have found lodgment in the heart of the great lead and zinc belt.

Yours cordially and sincerely,

Letter after letter, like that, all day long. Efficiency. That is what is the matter with me. That is the reason I haven't been able to do a lick of work in the last six months. The System, the terrible grinding System, has come between me and production.

Tomorrow I am going back to a stub of pencil and the dining-room table at midnight, and disorder, and laziness, and clutterdom, and happiness. And maybe I will get something written again.

But I shall keep the office. And the Secretary. I shall pay his salary, and the office rent. I shall not go near him.

I shall go to Paris and sit down at a cafe table, with a bottle of red wine and a loaf of crusty bread and a piece of cheese before me, under the friendly chestnut trees, and dream and loaf, and from time to time send him an insulting cablegram. He won't mind.

I am done with Order and Industry and Efficiency and System and Slogans forever. I am going back to the old glad, free life of laziness. I must go back to it. I need to get something done. Printers all over New York City are howling for copy. And as for the country as a whole—— But who wants to hear about the country as a whole?

THE END

The SOUL KISS

A Short Story of a Stage Embrace That Turned Out to Be Real —and Had Consequences!

By

LAWRENCE PERRY

Pictures by H. H. SUNDBLOM

TRASK had gone plumb loco. Slowly, but with all necessary power, he was twisting Lucy around so that she could not turn her face away. Then he kissed her.

FROM the time Percival Trask moved out to Mrs. Sotheby's exclusive boarding house, commuting to and from his studio in Greenwich Village, everybody saw the finish of Tony Carter so far as Lucy Langhorne was concerned.

The break had to come, and come it did, pretty publicly at that, and in the last place one would suspect. It was at the first rehearsal of the annual play under the auspices of the dramatic department—of which Lucy Langhorne is chairman—of the Women's Club of Bolton.

Can you picture a group of otherwise inoffensive suburbanites, all set to tackle a new play, having a classic drama sprung on them without any warning at all?

Perhaps you are imagining a chorus of anguished ululations, outbursts of frenzied objections. If so, your mind is leading you far astray. Actors are actors, whether amateur or pro, and there never was a one of either species who would admit, believe, or countenance the assertion that he—or she—had ever acted a role that came within a mile or so of his limitations.

Not that I was in any way interested. My line has always been what Lucy Langhorne calls low comedy parts, an Irish policeman, a detective with a Derby hat and cigar, a Swede janitor or blackface butler. And I ask you to believe there was as much chance for a comedian in this particular drama as there would be for Mrs. Fiske on a soft-shoe vaudeville team. No, I was slated as stage manager.

Tony Carter was late. And while everyone waited for him Lucy and Percival Trask stood over in a corner conferring in low voices over the play which she held open in her hands.

Trask was carrying on his part of the conversation with head tilted up, eyes half closed, in that bored way of his, as though it pained him to give any attention whatever to the ordinary affairs of this drab old world. But he was easy for any girl to look at, this must be admitted, being tall and slender and graceful. He had a pale, Grecian face—whatever kind of face that is: I'm taking the word of the Bolton women in that matter—and wore his chestnut hair just a little long; in short, a half glance would tell anyone that he wasn't an ordinary business man like the rest of us.

Lucy broke away from him eventually with an impatient jerk of her head.

"Can anyone imagine where Tony is?"

"Here he is." In came Tony in what I suppose he thought was the genuine Faversham manner of entering Lady Diana Somebody's drawing room. And, as Lucy watched him, it was easy to see she wasn't impressed with the fact that he was making much of a stab at his imitation.

Personally, I wasn't either. Tony was a line bucker in college and a blamed good one, and since then he has spent his working time on the floor of a stock exchange, dashing here and there and shaking his hands in other men's faces. He never was born to be an actor, and he had fallen for it because Lucy wanted him to. Of course, any man who once gets bitten by the stage bug is gone.

"Golf, I suppose?" Lucy regarded him with one of those smiles that merely looks like a smile. But, imitation or otherwise, Lucy's smile is a beautiful thing to see. So is she.

"You see," said Carter, turning, forgetting for the moment his silly stage manner, "I started early, did my eighteen holes, and was

just coming away when Dick Rendall blew in with Sutton, the medalist at Shawnee last week. Dick wanted a good game for Sutton; there was no one else around, so he picked on me."

"How did you make out, Tony?" Dolliver, who is chairman of the greens committee, and full of local pride, half rose from his chair.

"Why," Tony hesitated, as he would, "he had some pretty bad luck on a couple of holes. I beat him."

"The devil you did! Look here——"

"Mr. Dolliver." Lucy glanced reproachfully at the lawyer. "Please! This is a rehearsal. Tony, sit down, won't you?"

Tony obeyed, and Lucy faced the company and broke the news.

"First of all," Lucy began, "I suppose I should warn you all that the new play is quite ambitious, far more so than anything we've tried, and it will take a lot of work."

Percival Trask's fatigued voice came from the corner where he was standing.

"Anything worth while always does."

"Yes, of course." The thing that always galled me was the sort of deferential manner Lucy used to Trask—one of the things that convinces me if you want to go big with a popular girl you've got to high-hat her. "That's true," she went on, musingly, "but I really am worried about my part."

"You needn't be," observed Trask, with the manner of judicial weight.

"Well"—Lucy shrugged—"I hope you're right, I'm sure. At all events, since you're to be the leading man——"

Now, when you're made acquainted with all the facts you'll understand why the remainder of what Lucy said was lost in a sort of a stir and general concentration of attention upon Tony Carter.

Ever since Lucy had come out of Vassar with her acting laurels Tony had been her leading man. He was not the hottest stuff, even from an amateur standpoint, but, even so, he might have been a lot worse, seeing that the sort of plays that had been given stood in his favor, being of the actor-proof variety. But this play was to be different, and in the most casual manner in the world Tony had been derricked out of the star part and high art was to reign where amusement, triviality, and laughter had held their carefree sway.

YES, high art was to reign while Trask strutted about in a classic costume, pursued by a girl like Lucy. I said pursued. It might just as well be stated now that as soon as the nature of the play was set forth everyone guessed, and guessed right, that Trask, not Lucy, had selected this particular work of art.

Do you suppose it was a play where a stricken lover sighs and moons and yearns and fights for his lady love? Nothing of the sort. This particular piece of work took great care that all the sighing and mooning was done by the girl and that the great catch of the evening was the combination Romeo-Barrymore, Jim Ham Lewis, who just naturally didn't want to be wooed because he was so honorable and much preferred letting falcons loose and jabbing knights so full of holes that their iron corsages looked like the top of a salt shaker.

With Tony Carter supplanted, jettisoned, under these circumstances it was clear to everyone that it was the plank-walk for him all along the line. Tony took the thing like the sportsman he was. He glanced at Lucy with a little smile.

"What part do I play, a Morris chair?"

"No, indeed. You're going to be my husband. You'll be a lot older than I am," explained Lucy. "It's a sort of marriage of convenience play. Percival is to be Lanceilhot, the young lover."

Young lover! Tony was twenty-five, and if Trask wasn't over thirty he wasn't anything. But Tony took that all right, too. He looked over at Trask and grinned.

She held up her hand for attention. "This play is entitled Youth and is laid in a castle

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINE]

in feudal England. Just listen to the argument."

Lucy put it over to the company. Bilbeam de Sorges, Lord of Renflors—that was Tony Carter—was a spavined, battle-scarred old bruiser who had recently married Perunia de Mervillon, fair and charming young daughter of the Baron de Pykepick, who had given the girl's hand in marriage so that De Sorges would lay off him and stop raiding his lands and carrying off his vassals.

The fellow who wrote the play, some English chap, didn't have to work his brain overtime to dope out that Perunia wouldn't be stuck on the arrangement, and neither she was. So something had to be done to add to her unhappiness and to complicate things generally.

Sir Lanceilhot of Peekboo was on hand to attend to this. He was captured by De Sorges when he was a child after a battle in which Sorges had cleaned out the whole Peekboo clan and razed the castle. He got to love the boy like his own son, and the lad, who didn't remember much about what had happened and took it for granted that such things were all right, anyway, returned the affection.

II.

THE play opens where Perunia—Lucy Langhorne, of course—is brought to the castle as a bride. She doesn't see Sir Lanceilhot at first, but, even so, it is evident that she thinks as much of her husband as any young and beautiful girl would think of a bridegroom who has got knobs all along his forehead where his helmet has joggled when on horseback; a big nose blushing for shame over the number of flagons that have flowed under it, and a leg that was plainly game, thanks to some knight who could swing a mace the way Babe Ruth swings a baseball bat.

Then, after bugles and fireworks and cheers of the vassals are all over and the occupants of the castle have come in to pay homage, Perunia meets Sir Lanceilhot. Youth! Catch it?

So the play worked out as anyone would expect, with the beautiful young knight fighting against his natural passion because of honor and loyalty to the old lord, yielding a little at a time, while De Sorges, who loves them both, keeps throwing them together, like the old fathead he is.

And meanwhile two Maids of the Hall, Madeleine and Clotilde, sit around helping Perunia with her tapestries, playing lutes and singing love songs, yet on the side egging their mistress on with stories of love affairs with wandering knights and handsome pages and all kinds of muck calculated to turn an unhappy young wife's head.

Finally, in the last act, the third, an old pest, Father Gumbo, father-confessor about the castle and general troublemaker, catches Perunia and Lanceilhot lovemaking. Straightway he waddles off as quick as he can go and breaks the glad tidings to De Sorges.

Naturally, the old warrior roars like a bull, calling for his battle-ax. But when his squire hands it to him he suddenly recollects it won't do to have it spread all over the fief that he has been played for a goat. So he calls in the guard and orders that Gumbo be hanged at once from the highest battlement for telling lies. Out goes Gumbo—old Dolliver, kicking and struggling, to his doom.

Then Bilbeam sits down to think. He decides to lay a trap. He lets it be known he is going to take a trip to Normandy on sudden business that night. Sunset comes and darkness slowly falls. The moon rises. He calls for the stirrup cup and invites the two young folk in to drink him godspeed.

Off he goes, but he doesn't go very far. For just as Perunia and Lanceilhot are making up for lost time in the moonlight out on the terrace De Sorges strides in and stands like the figure of fate he is, until the two come out of their clinch.

Thereupon, with a hoarse, murderous howl, he grabs the beautiful young man by the throat and is about to stab him full of holes when Perunia stays his hand and then on her knees makes an appeal for her lover's life that is so tragic and eloquent and convincing and moving that the old lord weeps, says far be it from him to part two who love each other so well, that he has had his day, and—well, he drives his poniard into his own breast.

And while he lies there dead in the moonlight the two lovers clinch again, so filled with their devotion that that's all they can think about. Tableau. Curtain.

Now I ask you! As I said once before, you'd have thought there would have been riot and bloodshed among the poor innocents who had been sentenced to inflict this slush upon the community at two dollars per seat.

But nothing like that happened. Old Dolliver grinned when he heard he was to be Father Gumbo. Pretty fat part, he thought, and anyone could see at a glance that Eva Wallace and Grace Lee had no idea at all but what they could eat up their characters as the two Maids of the Hall. Caroline Johns liked the prospect of being a *duenna*, and so it went—that is, until it came to Tony Carter.

For the first time he was taking exception to anything that Lucy wanted him to do, and he started in to make it good.

"Lucy," he said solemnly, "this is the worst bit of tripe I ever listened to."

"Why, Tony Carter!" Lucy was regarding him with an expression as though she was seeing him for the first time in her life. Tony evidently didn't care a little bit how she was seeing him. He was out of his chair now, playing the lead in real life as he'd never played it on the stage.

"If you people think that you're going to ring me in on the part of a warty, boozy, bottle-nosed old buzzard like that chap De Sorges, you've got another think coming."

"But look here, Carter," Trask bore into the situation with more animation than he had yet shown, "that's really a great part. It's big. It's authentic. It's got heart and—why, it's a Cyrano role, if there ever was one."

"Is it!" Tony scowled unpleasantly.

NOW Lucy was in front of Tony, looking him straight in the eyes, a little smile playing about the left corner of her mouth.

"Tony, please!" Just the way she said it, just the way she stood, and that little smile of hers would have stood on his head almost any man who was trying to be strong and determined with a beautiful girl. Tony straight off proved himself one of the great majority.

"You want me to play this part, Lucy?"

"Why, yes, because I think you'll do it wonderfully." Her smile was covering him now like a flood of sunlight.

"All right—if you think so." He took the manuscript she held out to him while Trask distributed the parts among the rest.

Even the simplest play sounds bad enough when an amateur cast reads it for the first time. Nothing need be said about this one except that if the author had been lashed to a chair in that room and compelled to listen to what our crowd did to it he would have received all necessary punishment for his crime.

When the assault was over everyone, except the Bascom twins—fourteen-year old girls—started out for the regular Sunday night supper and concert at the country club. Trask was entertaining for six, including Lucy and excluding Carter.

I grabbed Tony in the hall.

"Look here," I said, "are you hooked up with anyone tonight?"

Tony hesitated.

"Why, no. I thought Lucy and you and the rest of us were going in the usual crowd. But now it looks as though Trask had sprung a little party."

"Yes, he has. And I suppose your idea is to get as near to that bunch as you can, look like a sick, deserted pup all the evening, and run for any bones Lucy may toss to you."

Tony isnt the sort of chap that anyone can take liberties with—Lucy Langhorne always excepted. He's a good fellow, but he has his dignity. He gave me a little quick, hard look.

"Steady there, old boy." There was a lot of chilled steel in his voice.

I put my hand on his arm.

"Tony, me lad, when you acted up this afternoon I watched Lucy closely, and I got an inside line on girls that will stand me in stead if I ever see one that strikes me as being worth an old bachelor's time and attention."

"I don't think I get you." Tony was still a little stiff.

"Well, you will. Look here, let's cut out the supper tonight. You come around to my diggings. Over our pipes I'll give you some dope that may do you good."

Tony hesitated, glancing half-heartedly toward Lucy, who was being helped into her coat by Trask. Then, catching my derisive smile, he shrugged.

"All right. Come ahead."

YOU take two men who like each other anyway and they can be pretty cozy and comfortable together when the pipes are drawing, the red shades are casting a soft glow, and the drinks are not raw.

Tony stretched out his legs. He was made to be married to the right girl. He was the sort of chap that gets married, has the little rough spots smoothed off, and then, when spinsters and eligible girls meet him, they sigh and say the trouble with this world is that all the decent men are already married.

"Tony, listen. I want to talk to you with the lid off. It may do you good. All your life you've fagged for Lucy, accepted her opinions, obeyed all her orders. Isn't that so?"

He shot me one of those hard glances and then nodded.

"Now keep listening. When you were cutting up rough about your part this afternoon I never took my eyes off Lucy, because I had never seen her look at you the way she did. And right then it all came to me. You made more ground against Trask in that little set-to than you ever could have made otherwise, and you didn't lose it all when you backed down."

"You mean——" Tony took his pipe from his mouth.

"I mean when you come right down to fundamentals the slant you've had toward Lucy isn't the line for a man to take who expects to win a high-spirited damsel or to hold her after she is won."

"By George!" Carter's jaws were tight set. "I'm hanged if I don't think you're right."

"Right! Of course I'm right. I can see that with my feet. How do you suppose Trask has made the headway he has? Why, by high-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTEEN]

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In the Office

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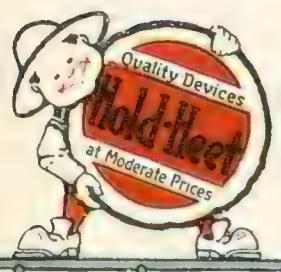

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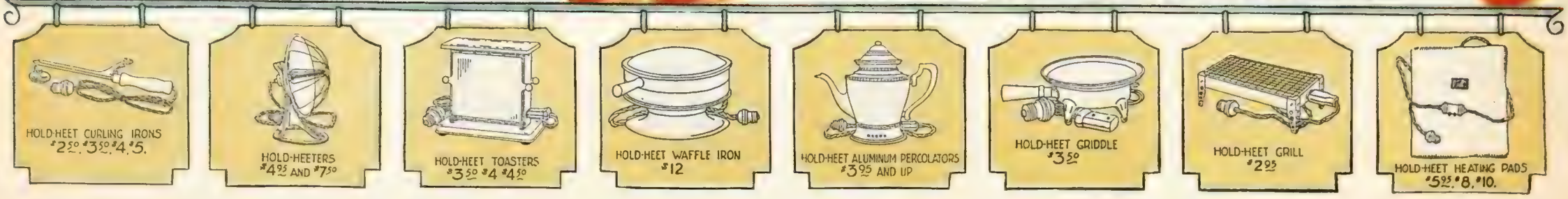

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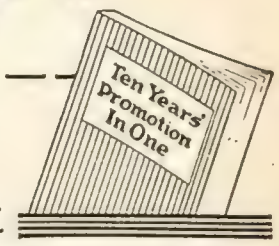

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TEN]

hatting her—cleverly, of course. Yet high-hatting her just the same and making her think knowledge and art and culture and everything else worthwhile will die when he passes out."

"George!" Tony's pipe turned over in his mouth and spilled ashes on his vest. He brushed them away like a man delivering stiff-arm jolts.

"Now," I said, "if a girl's worth having, she's worth fighting for. If you've got anything to stand on against Trask, or against anyone else, it's what you are as your natural self. Even if Trask hadn't showed up, you'd have had no chance with Lucy as you've been going."

"By Jove, I believe you!"

That's all he said, but, knowing Carter, he didn't have to say anything more.

III.

TUESDAY night was the next rehearsal, this time in the Women's Club auditorium, and the coach was on hand, a little, dark, intense woman from New York who had directed our plays for several years back.

Tony, doing the best he could, lumbered through his stuff and otherwise kept in the background until Perunia and Lanceilhot had their first meeting.

At Lucy's very first line Carter, who had moved to the back of the room, yelled for her to talk louder.

Lucy gave a quick glance in his direction. She raised her voice.

Not long afterward the coach stopped her on a matter of reading a line, and up pops Tony's head over the footlights.

"The way I get this play, Lucy, it isn't up to you to show so much indifference right there. You know you're really vamping Trask—I mean Lanceilhot—from the start. He's trying to duck you because he's loyal. So when you say, 'Ah, did I not mark thee in the tourney at Renflors?' you don't want to say it as though——"

"Tony! Quiet, please." Lucy, who had been surveying Carter with an incredulous stare, snapped out of her daze with a bang. "If any criticisms are necessary Miss Morrison will make them. You are merely interrupting."

Trask, champing at the bit to dig into his line, motioned impatiently at Lucy.

"Oh, let's get on with the scene."

Art certainly came first with Percival, and just now he was an actor, or thought he was.

"Yes, I think so, too." Lucy never batted an eye nor gave any indication that she was not used to being gestured at and ordered.

Beginning with this rehearsal, it looked to me, if it didn't to anyone else—and I don't think it did, not even to Carter—as if those who had backed the odds on Tony 'way down to the vanishing point might have to run out on the bookmakers.

It was nothing but a hunch, but it looked good not so much because of Tony's revised conduct toward the girl, which, taken by itself, was nothing better than a long chance, as by reason of an incident that occurred toward the end of the rehearsal.

They had come to the scene where Perunia had pestered and bedeviled Lanceilhot until he casts loyalty and everything else aside and grabs her.

ONCE he had Trask in the wings he gave him a push toward me, and as I caught him Tony shook a big fist at him.

Even with the part in one hand Trask wasn't going to pass up this perfectly legitimate chance. With his loose hand he pulled her to him and aimed a regular kiss at her. Lucy quickly ducked and got the osculation on the tip of her chin.

"What's the matter, Lucy, afraid?" Percival laughed in a short, tense manner.

No one ever accused Lucy of lacking in spirit, and she told Trask plainly enough that real kissing was not done in Bolton plays, that make-believes were all that were necessary.

Percival turned to the coach. "What do you think, Miss Morrison?"

What would she think, when Lucy was the one who hired her and saw that her fat fee was paid each year? She simply shrugged and smiled, and said that such matters invariably depended upon the wishes of the leading woman. And that was that.

She had nothing particular to say on the way home.

On went the rehearsals, and I'll have to admit it, though I don't want to, that Trask was working himself into a blamed fine actor. He looked the part, as to build and manner, and once he had got over his sulks at the make-believe love scenes he dug right into the play and began to make it realistic enough to suit anyone. Lucy was not so much of a success as a vamp, but it must be said for Tony Carter in the scenes where he had to act jealous and sour and murderous he was putting more stuff on the ball than I ever thought was in him.

And, aside from the rehearsals where he didn't hesitate to criticize Lucy whenever he thought she needed it—she paying him back in kind, as a girl will, whether he needed it or not—he had nothing to do with her at all. Trask had a clear road, and from young Tommy Langhorne, with whom I play pool at the club, I being the only man in town he can't beat, I learned that he was making the most of his opportunity.

Status quo is about the way that things may be described while the days ran on as swiftly as days will, when everyone is busy and minds are occupied in trying to put over a play that couldn't be put over.

That is to say, things were *status quo* outside of Trask, who had horned into his part so deep that he wasn't Percival Trask at all any more. He was Sir Lanceilhot, the young Hotspur and Romeo and Mark Anthony of the amateur realm, and when he threw back his head and barked or moaned or sighed, as the occasion required, the other members of the cast forgot their lines or stumbled over their parts, wondering how he got that way.

AT the dress rehearsal, with the stage effects only partly completed, he started for Lucy head on when the time for the first clinch came, then suddenly raised his arms aloft in tragic despair.

"This, Lucy, is ridiculous! If we're to do this thing properly we've got to carry it through."

"Percival," she looked at him, flushing, "I very much prefer it this way."

"Very well."

Brought down to earth, he minced toward her and made a burlesque of the scene. This made no hit at all with Lucy, but she pretended not to notice, and carried on as though

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

After Shaving— every little drop does six big things

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTEEN]

nothing had happened, flushing, though, to her neck.

Right here was Tony's chance, and when the rehearsal was over I egged him on to brace up to her and take her home. But he hadn't quite made up his mind when Trask, who had come back to the Twentieth Century from the Middle Ages, cornered her in the wings. When the two came out, they were both smiling and talking as though not a thing had happened. I caught Tony by the coat tail as he started toward them.

"Home for yours, Tony." And, thus warned and reminded, the poor chap couldn't do anything but agree that it was the only place he had to go.

IV.

THE night of the play! High art! The very atmosphere exuded it, the walls bulged with it. The audience, which filled the place to the aisles, not because they wanted to be there especially, but because it was the correct thing to come, sat oppressed and quiet, like a crowd at the funeral of a popular citizen. None of the usual laughter and chatter. They knew what they were in for. Lucy and the play committee had left nothing undone or unsaid to make the understanding general that this was drama — pronounced lingeringly, with the broad *a* accentuated—a milestone marking the uplift of histrionic art in Bolton.

Paul Genet, the famous interior decorator who lives in the town, had strained himself producing the proper stage effects, and when the curtain went up it wasn't his fault if the crowd wasn't carried straight back to ancient England.

It was really lifelike, and, if the actors and the play they were in had in any way come up to the setting, it could have gone to Broadway for a run.

But the play was not and the actors were not—not by a vast stretch of parasangs. The play hadn't been going ten minutes before the audience came out of the doldrums and began to snicker and applaud ironically and to whisper to one another that, if this was high art, then Charlie Chaplin was Ibsen.

Perhaps, if they could have got the drift of things as I did, standing in the wings, they would have decided right off that the money they had paid for their seats was all too little.

For not only was Trask's temperament rising, and rising to blast-furnace heat, but Lucy was getting nervous about his intensity, while Tony was keeping his eye on the leading man and stepping about on his toes, giving every indication of one just waiting for the signal to go into action.

In the meantime, old Dolliver, who always takes more than one nip out of a flask to prepare himself for the ordeal of facing an audience, had upon this merry occasion resorted more than usual to his friend in need. Nothing but good, as I well knew, could come out of this, for Dolliver was a jolly old wight when his favorite brand of pre-war Scotch was setting good.

"MR. DOLLIVER." Lucy glanced reproachfully at the lawyer. "Please! This is a rehearsal. Tony, sit down, won't you?"

And it came in the second act, in the scene where he noses out the brewing relations between Perunia and Lanceilhot and takes the girl aside for a little fatherly chat.

"You would have speech with me, Father Gumbo?" Lucy was beginning to snap into her part better than she yet had done, looking at him with sweet, round-eyed innocence.

"Ay, marry," boomed the priest in a voice that could be heard out on the sidewalk, "I would—would——" Here he forgot his lines, but with a careless little gesture toward the wings, whence came the prompter's voice, and a jocund wink at Lucy, he thundered into the sense, if not the letter, of the part. "I would give thee a stout earful, sweet daughter. An thou starteth any triangles in this castle"—he paused—"there will be the very old Ned to pay, and don't you forget it."

You could always depend upon Lucy. Game to the core, yet worried stiff, she came in with her proper line.

"Father, from Renflors came, the other day, a seer——"

"I know, I know," interrupted Dolliver. "But a warning in time saveth nine." With a flap of his hands he walked off the stage. While the audience roared and rocked with laughter, on came Lanceilhot, and to his credit it should be said that he pulled not only Lucy but also the audience back into the spirit of the day.

It was at this juncture that Lanceilhot gives way to Perunia's wiles and declares that honor, life, religion, or anything else is nothing, compared to the way he feels for her. Lucy, spurred up by Trask's fervor, rose to the scene very well, and they really put on a good bit of stuff, which was interrupted by the appearance of the girl's husband.

TONY looked and acted exactly the way a suspicious husband should act, and the curtain went down with the audience pretty tense, as it should have been, with affairs in the castle thus approaching a climax.

Dolliver opened the next and final act with a scene with the lord wherein he tells all he knows. He had himself in hand, thanks to the water I had poured on his head and made him drink, and he spoke his lines as well as he could have done under any condition, and then the whole cast filled the air with "aroints" and "marrys" and "by my halidomes," and all that sort of muck, leading up to the time where De Sorges pulls his fake departure from the castle.

The moon comes up and Lucy

stands gazing over the castle parapet trying to catch a farewell glimpse of her husband. Here was where Trask came in for his big scene and as he passed me in the wings I could see he was geared up to it. Believe it or not, his teeth were grinding as he went on.

"Ah!"

He made it sound like a cork coming out of a bottle as he strode swiftly to the girl.

"Lanceilhot!" Perunia's voice was piercing sweet, tremulous, full to the brim with the ardor of love. "Lanceilhot, my knight!"

"Lady!" This exclamation comes when Perunia advances toward him with arms outstretched.

The time was drawing near for the clinch and everything about Lanceilhot indicated that it would be high time.

"Lady!" It was like the love cry of a moon-struck elk. "All nature pauses for this meeting," he warbled. "The leaden scepter of the night stands over us like a benison. Lady! My life! My——" Now for the fateful embrace.

Lucy swayed toward him and Trask, with a poignant exclamation, grabbed her. He grabbed her all right. You could hear her squeak as the breath went out of her.

I felt an iron grip on my shoulder, as I stood in the wings, and, turning, found Tony close at my side.

"Look at that, Bill." His voice had a grizzly bear growl.

I was looking. Trask had gone plumb loco. Slowly, but with all necessary power, he was twisting Lucy around so that she could not turn her face away. Then he kissed her. Once, years ago in Puritan times in New York, they haled Olga Nethersole and her leading man to court for being too realistic in their love scenes. If similar conditions had obtained this night, Trask and Lucy would have been taken out and hanged. Or, if the spirits of the great departed hang around this sphere, as some claim, and had Anthony and Cleopatra, Paul and Virginia, Pyramus and Thisbe, and all the rest of the love crew been in attendance, they would, at this juncture, have slunk out into the night in envy and chagrin.

They say everything comes to everybody some time if they keep putting themselves in the way of it long enough. Lucy was getting hers now—real love stuff after all these years of make-believe, burning love, love with the husk on.

IF that kiss didn't last a full minute it never occurred at all, and, believe me, it occurred. When Trask finally stepped on the brake Lucy's cue was to look up into his face and say:

"Lanceilhot, I have dreamed of love like this."

But she didn't say it. Maybe she didn't because she couldn't tell a lie. But more likely it was because she couldn't say anything. She looked that way. Her stricken eyes were fixed on her lover, her mouth half opened, her face dead white, under the makeup. So she hung still in Trask's arms.

Trask, himself, in the full swing of his emotion and unable to proceed until he had his cue, waited a few seconds, then gave her a shake that must have rattled her teeth.

"Your line, you idiot." His voice was a half whisper, half snarl.

"My cue!"

"'Lanceilhot,'" he supplied, in fierce *sotto voce*, "'I have dreamed——'"

Lucy shivered and what she would have said I can't say, for at the moment I was nearly knocked down by a figure jostling into me.

"Get out of the way." It was Tony Carter, and as soon as he made the stage he seemed to catch himself and to fall into the strut of the character he was portraying.

"Odsblood!" The next instant it was clear either that he had lost everything else or the regular lines were not suitable to what he had in mind to do. "Do mine eyes deceive me?" This was made up on the spur, but it served to get him across the stage to where the lovers stood, still clinched.

"So," cried Tony, still out of his lines, but acting just the same as he had never acted before, "thou wouldst break up this happy castle, eh!"

So saying he seized Trask by the right wrist and pulled it gently, but irresistibly just the same, from Lucy's waist. Then, still retaining his hold, he drew the lover, who seemed woolgathering, toward the wings.

"Go thou to thy room, Lanceilhot, and await my coming." Honestly, Henry Irving could not have done the stuff any better and he was making up every bit out of his head. Lucy stood staring, not moving, conscious, I think, that Tony was going to pull this play out of the fire. And the audience was still, too.

Once he had Trask in the wings he gave him a push toward me and as I caught him and Trask stood like a man coming out of a dream Tony shook a big fist at him.

"Trask," he hissed, "clear out of here. Beat it. If you try to come back on the stage I'll knock your head off. Understand?" And Trask, least of all, had no doubt Tony meant what he said.

Turning swiftly, Tony walked over to Lucy, taking her by the hand.

"My girl," he said, his voice deep with emotion that even I could get, "I have not been all to thee that I should have been."

Just think of it, doing all this out of his head and making it as real as anything you could imagine! And the smile that came over Lucy's face was wonderful to see.

"And I," she improvised, "have not been all to thee. I greatly fear I have done thee grave wrong, my lord."

"My lady!"

All of this up to the hilt, all to the Belasco, take it from me.

"My lord!"

"Can we not, my Perunia, begin again?"

"My lord, thou hast a great heart."

She held out her arms, as though instinctively, and Tony took her. He bent down over her, hesitated, and now—well, believe it or not—Lucy raised her face to his.

Mirabile dictu! Or words to that effect. Here, by all the gods of drama, was a real kiss, tender, convincing, romantic—and both going to it. Oh, boy, what a kiss that was!

The only trouble was that the audience missed most of it. I think I'm a good enough stage manager to know just the moment when a curtain should ring down.

THE END

Pity the Poor Husband

Remember When Friend Wife Used to Crusade for Equal Rights? Well, She Got 'Em—and Then Some!

By BRENDA UELAND

THERE has been much protest on the part of women against the word "obey" in the marriage ceremony. With this result: A minister or clergyman of almost any denomination will now omit the word if it is odious to the bride. The Catholic Church alone remains adamant. A Catholic bride must vow to obey her husband.

The objections of women to the word are not surprising. It is unpopular everywhere in these days. But probably they would not object so strenuously if they realized it is the very last relic and vestige of a husband's authority over his wife. The rights of wives have been so bolstered and nurtured by legislation in this country and England that it is now husbands who are in need of legal protection.

In England, for instance, only a few months ago there was an earnest debate in the House of Lords in behalf of husbands. Viscount Cave, the Lord Chancellor of England, said:

"We have heard so much of the rights of wives, I think it is time we consider the rights of husbands. [Loud cheers from a distinguished male audience.] Laws should be introduced at once to protect the downtrodden husband. The law today in England is that a husband is often responsible for his wife's debts and her wrongdoings."

Then Lord Darling spoke, that famous English judge before whom so many sensational libel and divorce suits in England are tried.

"No steps have yet been taken to emancipate men," he said. "Men are now unfairly handicapped in their struggle with the alleged weaker sex. The law assumes that a man's wife is in a somewhat similar position to a man's pet monkey and that he is responsible for the mischief she does. No part of a wife's money goes to her husband on marriage. Yet the husband is compelled to support her, no matter how large her independent fortune. If women want to be considered independent people, then they should back all attempts to give justice to husbands."

As for the word "obey" in the marriage ceremony, it is a survival of the old days when husbands were given by law complete domination over their wives. The Rev. Dr. Randolph Ray, rector of the Little Church Around the Corner in New York, in which there are more weddings in a year than in any other church in this country, explained the modern interpretation of the word "obey" by Episcopal clergymen.

Under the old Common Law in England the assumption was that a man and woman became one at marriage. And that one was the husband. Since two persons became one, all the authority had to be vested in one of them. And since in those days it was assumed that the man was the wiser, stronger, and more experienced in the affairs of the world, he was given absolute authority over his wife. So it was considered expedient that his wife should vow at the altar to obey him. Dr. Ray said:

"A few years ago my church did not allow me to leave out the word 'obey.' It was a part of canonical law, and I could no more omit it from the ceremony than a civil officer in administering an oath could leave out parts that were objectionable to the person being sworn in. But, at the last church convention, it was decided that a clergyman could omit the word if he was requested to. Probably a few years hence it will be struck out of the service entirely.

"Certainly, two persons in love with each other can utter all the promises of the marriage ceremony (with the exception, perhaps, of the word 'obey') with the utmost sincerity: 'for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, forsaking all others,' and so on.

"They swear to love and to cherish each other. The word 'cherish,' for instance. It is a sad biological fact that the passionate attraction between a man and woman grows weaker. But if each has sworn 'to cherish' the other—in other words, to make an effort to keep love alive and nurture it—why, they will succeed in keeping it alive. On the other hand, if they make no such effort, as soon as love wanes, they let it die without a struggle, and cynicism and infidelity take its place.

"So, since every word of the marriage ceremony should be taken seriously, I would much rather that a woman who objects to the word 'obey' would tell me so. Then I will leave it out. For if she thinks to herself that 'obey' is an objectionable word and need not be taken seriously, then all the other vows are weakened."

Now, as to the legal advantages of a wife over her husband in these days—well, in view of them "obey" is a hollow word.

It is true that only a hundred years ago a married woman's position was so humiliating and helpless before the law it is little wonder that the word "obey" still rankles.

Originally the rights were all with the strong (presumably men) and the duties with the weak (women). In early Roman law the power of the husband was absolute. He could chastise, sell, or kill his wife. He owned all her property and earnings. By law a woman became, at marriage, a sort of child of her husband; legally she was a sister of her own children.

Later the Common Law in England reflected this attitude. The husband could choose the place where they were to live. He could regulate the household expenses. He had all rights over the children. He was allowed to punish and discipline his wife by beating her with a "stick not thicker than a man's thumb."

If a woman before her marriage owned any property, the moment she married that property belonged to her husband and to him alone. If she earned any money while married, it belonged to her husband, and he could spend it or do with it as he chose. If a woman nursed a sick person who was not a member of the family, then the husband could sue that person, compel him to pay for his wife's services, and then pocket the money himself.

If a woman lived apart from her husband without his consent and without suitable cause (which meant that she must prove infidelity against him or extreme cruelty), even if she were utterly destitute she could not have any money out of the property she owned before her marriage. If she were able to show suitable cause for leaving her husband, then a court would dole out to her from her original property a suitable settlement. But only a "suitable" settlement, no more.

THE household goods belonged to the husband. He could sell them or bequeath them whenever he pleased without her consent. He could do the same with her personal property, her furniture, land, chattels. Even a wife's "paraphernalia," which is the legal term for her clothes and jewels, he could sell at any time and pocket the cash. These, however, he could not bequeath from her. If when he died he had not turned them into money they belonged to her. Another thing, at marriage a woman's power to make a contract was void.

As to the few meager rights of a wife under Common Law: She had the right to be supported. The support had to be "reasonable"—that is, her husband had to support her in accordance to his position in the world and his means. He had to provide what the law

Picture by
R. F. SCHABELITZ

NOT long ago an English judge held that the Husband's Rights of Gentle Restraint could be carried to the extent of forbidding her relations to visit her.

called "necessaries"—food, clothing, household supplies, expenses of sickness, and articles of domestic comfort. Of course, there have been countless lawsuits over what are "necessaries." In one instance a soft cushion and a lamp were held necessaries. In another a pew in a church, a hat for presentation to a friend were held not to be necessaries.

Then a wife had her dower right. This meant that when her husband died she inherited (approximately) a third of his property.

ANOTHER thing, a husband was responsible for all her debts. He was liable even for the debts she had contracted before marriage. Also he was responsible for most of her crimes and was punished for them. But since Common Law assumed that it was his duty to restrain her from committing crimes, in order to make it possible for him to keep her in good behavior the law allowed him to chastise her, even to lambasting her with a good stout stick.

So under Common Law the husband was in a well-fortified position. Why a single woman with property ever married it is hard to see; in fact, a damning reflection on the good sense and intelligence of the sex.

But, beginning in 1834, the lawmakers in England and America began to come to the rescue of married women by passing Married Women's Property Acts, and continued to do so until now the wrongs of wives have been so far righted that husbands who have still, generally speaking, the same burdens that the Common Law imposed on them are left far behind and in serious need of help.

Of course, the laws vary in England and in the different States in this country, but the situation is about like this:

A wife is the absolute owner of all her property and earnings, whether she acquired them before or after marriage. It is free from any interference or control from her husband. (In Arkansas a man who uses his wife's separate property can be held guilty of larceny.) A wife can mortgage her property, sell it, or bequeath it as she will. On the other hand, when a man dies, no matter what his will is, his wife retains her dower rights.

A husband must support his wife and family, no matter how much money his wife has. If she has a million dollars she does not have to spend one cent of it toward the family support. Even if she elopes, her fortune cannot be touched by her husband in order to support and educate her children.

As for a wife's debts, her husband is still in most instances responsible for them, unless it has been clearly specified that the money she borrows is to be charged up against her separate property. On the other hand, if a husband has debts, his creditors cannot collect them out of his wife's property, even if he has supported her all her life, and she is at the same time as rich as Rockefeller.

It is true that in two States in this country a wife under certain circumstances is asked to support her husband; in California she must support him if he is infirm and she can afford it; in North Dakota she must support him where "she is amply able to do so, if he is old and unable to earn a living and if he has not abandoned her."

In divorces women are in most cases the only recipients of alimony. There are plenty of instances where a divorced man must pay a round sum of alimony to a wife much richer than himself. However, in some States —Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Virginia, and Iowa—alimony is in certain cases granted to the husband out of his wife's property. And in Oregon he is entitled to one-third of his wife's real estate and maintenance where a divorce has been given to him for his wife's wrongdoings.

AS for a wife's misdemeanors and crimes, in many places there is still an assumption under the law that a wife committing a crime in the presence of her husband did so under his coercion. Yet physical wife-chastising is no longer permitted, and in the United States there are severe punishments for it: a fine or imprisonment, or whipping, as in Delaware.

The old right of a husband to chastise his wife has long been a sore point with women, and perhaps it is the unconscious memory of it that makes them bridle at the word "obey" in the marriage ceremony. But now women are universally regarded by the law as companions rather than children.

In England, it is true, there still exists a Husband's Rights of Gentle Restraint: that is, he can exert restraint, for example, if his wife is about to elope.

In fact, not long ago Lord Stowell, an English judge, held that the Husband's Rights of Gentle Restraint could be carried to the extent of forbidding her relations to visit her.

"For," he said, "though a wife may be amiable, her family may not be so."

But in America such a doctrine would be considered outrageous.

Undoubtedly in England there still is a general attitude that the husband is the head of his household, and this attitude is reflected in their legal decisions. An English wife, as a rule, conforms to her husband's tastes. She invites to the house only those guests who are agreeable to her husband. In every way she subordinates her life to that of her husband in an effort to please and placate him.

But American wives, except those of the working class, do not feel, as a rule, any such subordination. Thinking over the American wives of one's acquaintance, they all seem to be more spirited and willful about getting their own way than their husbands, and so appear to be in command.

"Of course," said one American wife, "we don't issue sharp military orders to our husbands. Rather we say, 'Dear, don't you want to go up to the attic and get out of the trunk under that lumber the shawl with the ecru lace on it that mother gave me five years ago? Not the one with the pinkish; the one with the reddish on it.' You see? In other words, it's the iron hand in the velvet glove."

THE END

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HUGH FULLERTON, the noted sports writer, aided by many prominent coaches and officials, together with the data collected for Spalding's Guide from hundreds of schools, essays to dope the football season of 1925. Clip out his predictions, paste them in your hat, and remind him after Thanksgiving Day if the elevens do not play true to prophecy. He says they'll finish in the order named:

ALL AMERICA—*California, Pittsburgh, Illinois, West Virginia, Nebraska, Wisconsin, Yale, Leland Stanford, Dartmouth.*

BIG THREE—*Yale, Princeton, Harvard.*

BIG TEN—*Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan, Iowa, Chicago, Minnesota, Ohio, Northwestern, Indiana, Purdue.*

COAST—*California, Washington, Leland Stanford, Southern California.*

SERVICE—*Army, Navy.*

LITTLE THREE—*Williams, Amherst, Wesleyan.*

MAINE—*Maine, Colby, Bowdoin, Tufts, Bates.*

NEW ENGLAND—*Dartmouth, Brown, Holy Cross, Boston College.*

MIDDLE ATLANTIC—*Penn, Cornell, Lafayette, Lehigh, Colgate, Syracuse, Bucknell, Rutgers, Swarthmore.*

PENNSYLVANIA—*Pittsburgh, West Virginia, Washington and Jefferson, West Virginia Wesleyan, Carnegie.*

EASTERN SOUTH—*Georgia Tech, Washington and Lee, Virginia, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Maryland, North Carolina, V. M. I., South Carolina.*

CENTRAL SOUTH—*Vanderbilt, Tulane, Tennessee, Louisiana, Centre, Kentucky.*

NEW YORK DISTRICT—*Columbia, Fordham, New York University, St. John's.*

SOUTH WEST—*Texas, Rice, Oklahoma Aggies, Baylor, Arkansas.*

MISSOURI VALLEY—*Nebraska, Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma, Iowa State, Drake.*

OHIO CONFERENCE—*Ohio Wesleyan, Wooster, Muskingum, Oberlin, Miami, Ohio Northern, Cincinnati, Western Reserve.*

ROCKY MOUNTAIN—*Colorado, Utah, Denver, Colorado Aggies, Wyoming.*

THE University of California and the University of Pittsburgh will have the two greatest football teams of the season of 1925, according to the advance dope. Yale should win the championship of the Big Three after a harder struggle than it has had for the last two years. Illinois should capture the championship of the Western Conference, with the next six teams battling for second place in one of the most strenuous seasons in history.

Notre Dame, vaunted champions of last year, will have but a fair team. Dartmouth, the sensation of last year, will be strong, but not so strong as in 1924, and Brown, after three years of major triumphs, will be forced back into the second ranks—because of the strength of the opponents rather than any basic weakness.

These conclusions are drawn after a study of the advance dope on the football season just opening; a season which promises to be the greatest in the history of the sport.

Doping football in advance is perhaps the most difficult task assigned any sport writer. Compared with it, doping horse races or baseball is a simple task. One sleepy, tired boy

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 23]

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847 Card Games, How to Play Them
868 General Hints on Self-Improvement
894 Hints on How to Advertise. Cheyney

BIOGRAPHY

5 Life of Johnson. Macaulay
393 Frederick the Great. Macaulay
33 Brann: Smasher of Shams
312 Works of Laurence Sterne. Gunn
343 Diary of Columbus in 1492
429 Works of Jonathan Swift. Gunn
522 Life of Thomas Paine. Gunn
523 Life of Franklin. Gunn
678 Life of Haldeman-Julius
704 Life of Diderot. Gunn
705 Charles Lamb and His Friends
769 Life of Thomas Jefferson. Gunn
51 Bruno: His Life and Martyrdom
69 Mary, Queen of Scots. Dumas
88 Vindication of Paine. Ingersoll
123 Life of Madame du Barry. Tichenor
183 Life of Jack London. Tichenor
323 Life of Joan of Arc. Tichenor
128 Life of Caesar. Wood
147 Cromwell and His Times. Wood
712 Shelley and the Women He Loved
713 Byron and the Women He Loved
718 Great Women of Antiquity. Wood
139 Life of Dante
141 Life of Napoleon. Finger
328 Joseph Addison and His Time
339 Life of Thoreau. Finger
394 Boswell's Life of Johnson
395 Autobiography of Cellini
412 Life of Mahomet. Finger
537 Life of Barnum. Finger
565 Magellan and the Pacific. Finger
604 Life of Roosevelt. Finger
142 Life of Bismarck. Bowicke
236 Heart Affairs of Henry VIII
269-270-271-272 Contemporary Portraits. 4 Vols. Frank Harris
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433 Life of Marat. Gottschalk
438-439 Secret Memoirs. De Pompadour. 2 Vols.
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765 Life of Francis of Assisi. Vedder
854 Life of Ignatius Loyola
612 Life of Disraeli. Smith
666-667 Sarah Bernhardt as I Knew Her. 2vols. Dorian
680 Pasteur and His Work. Fishbein
747 Duse's Love Affair with D'Annunzio
767 Hauptmann and Sudermann. Seibel
752 Life and Works of Walter Scott
809 What the Editor's Wife Is Thinking About. Marcet Haldeman-Julius

DRAMA

90 The Mikado. Gilbert
226 The Anti-Semites. Schnitzler
766 Gallant Cassian. Schnitzler
308 She Stoops to Conquer. Goldsmith
335 The Land of Heart's Desire. Yeats
337 Pippa Passes. Browning
371 Empedocles on Etna. Arnold
378 Maid of Orleans. Samuels
383 The Creditor. Strindberg
384 Four One-Act Plays. Strindberg
396 Embers. Haldeman-Julius
406 Pierrot of the Minute. Dowson
462 Everyman. A Morality Play
416 God of Vengeance. Asch
539 None Beneath the King. Zorrila
572 The Beggar's Opera. John Gay
589 The Pot-Boiler. Sinclair
630 The Second Story Man. Sinclair
631 The Naturewoman. Sinclair
633 Prince Hagen. Sinclair
619 Doctor Faustus. Marlowe

EMERSON, RALPH WALDO

60 Compensation and Friendship
179 Gems from Emerson
423-424-425-426 Representative Men. 4 vols.
542 Essays on Power and Behavior
543 Essays on Experience and Politics
544 Essays on the Poet and Nature
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546 Love, Heroism, and Prudence
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549 Nominalist and Realist, and the Over-soul
550 Essays on Art and Self-Reliance
551 Essays on Beauty and Worship
552 Essays on Fate and Illusions
553 Essays on Wealth and Culture
338 A Guide to Emerson
714 Life of Emerson. Wood

ESSAYS (COLLECTIONS)

48 Truth, and Other Essays. Bacon
70 Charles Lamb's Essays
176 Four Essays on Sex. Ellis
235 Essays. Chesterton
278 Friendship. Thoreau
448 Montaigne and Voltaire. Powys
449 Rosseau and Hugo. Powys
450 De Maupassant, France and Blake. Powys
451 De Gourmont and Byron. Powys
452 Bronte and Henry James. Powys
453 Conrad and Wilde. Powys
460 Misc. Essays. Haldeman-Julius
461 Literary Essays. Haldeman-Julius
534 Honey and Gall. Powys

FICTION

21 Carmen. Prosper Merimee
23 Great Stories of the Sea
29 Dreams. Olive Schreiner
37 Dream of John Ball. Wm. Morris
352 Short Stories. William Morris
40 House and Brain. Bulwer Lytton
41 A Christmas Carol. Dickens
58 Tales from Decameron. Boccaccio
672 Illicit Love. Boccaccio
673 Tales of Love and Life. Boccaccio
674 Falcon and Other Tales. Boccaccio
72 Color of Life. Haldeman-Julius
102 Sherlock Holmes Tales
107 The Dream Woman. Collins
148 Strength of Strong. Jack London
145 Great Ghost Stories
151 Man Who Would Be King. Kipling
331 Finest Story in World. Kipling
332 The Man Who Was. Kipling
333 Mulvaney Stories. Kipling
336 The Mark of the Beast. Kipling
357 City of Dreadful Night. Kipling
161 Country of the Blind. Wells
182 Daisy Miller. Henry James
215 Miraculous Revenge. Shaw
232 Three Strangers. Hardy
277 Man Without a Country. Hale
285 Euphorian in Texas. Geo. Moore
307 A Tillyloss Scandal. Barrie
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859 The Enjoyment of Music

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104 Battle of Waterloo. Hugo
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79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100	101	102	103	104
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131	132	133	134	135	136	137	138	139	140	141	142	143	144	145	146	147	148	149	150	151	152	153	154	155	156
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287	288	289	290	291	292	293	294	295	296	297	298	299	300	301	302	303	304	305	306	307	308	309	310	311	312
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368 is probably the most famous hosiery number in the world. *Three-sixty-eight!* A call number for the women of America. In a very literal sense these three figures spell *smartness*. And more than that, this particular Phoenix stocking for women is sold by the unnumbered millions, because *it stoutly resists wear*, and retails at better stores everywhere for only $1.85 a pair. It is made of the finest grades of pure Japanese silk, enabling us to attain the daintiest of colorings throughout wide ranges, by our special Phoenix dyeing process. It brings a new color feast to color-loving eyes. An accurately *full-fashioned* stocking, it is cleverly reinforced where the stress is greatest, by a special weaving at the heel and toe, so skillfully done as not to detract from its outstanding elegance. A smooth-footed stocking! It has a full garter-top, with an invisible *stop-run* that really does what it is intended to do—stop runs. And it will come from innumerable washings still with the appearance of newness. These are some of the reasons why this famous number 368—*three-sixty-eight*—has reached a popularity among women that is quite

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PHOENIX HOSIERY

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINETEEN]

may answer an examination question wrong and, by falling short in scholastic standing, may ruin the chances of his team. One individual, like Grange, may flash to glory and raise a mediocre team to a championship or wreck it by turning an ankle.

For instance, last fall I figured Amherst had a fair eleven and a good chance in the Little Three, only to discover later that ten of the veteran players had been declared ineligible to play.

In attempting the forecast of the season it is impossible for any man to determine the strength of all teams, since there will be approximately three hundred and forty elevens competing in intercollegiate contests. I have selected those teams which are deemed most important from a national standpoint, those engaged in the "big" contests of the year.

THESE calculations are based not upon my own estimates of the strength of players or of teams but upon past performances of the veterans and upon reports of coaches. More than sixty coaches from all parts of the country, a number of trainers, and several officials who have opportunities to watch the men and the teams closely, and who know the caliber of the available material for this season's elevens, have aided me in this effort.

As football men know, this is the period of pessimism among coaches and captains. The majority of coaches mourn over great players lost by graduation or otherwise, and lament the scarcity and poor quality of the new generation. However, the leading coaches have told me of their material, and of their hopes and expectations.

Many of them have added their estimates of other teams—the ones their charges must tackle this fall, and they know the strength of their opponents as well as they know their own.

To get anywhere in doping the strength of football teams one must study them by sections and conferences, and rate them according to the elevens they meet.

Never before have so many strong elevens been assembled. Never before have the smaller colleges had as much chance to defeat, or to show up strong against, the large ones. Never has speed and generalship counted as heavily. And I doubt whether, even in the two years following the war, when returned service men were eligible to play and each college had really two generations of football players at once, have there been so many good football players.

International Photo

Cheek, Harvard captain

P. & A. Photo

Dixon, University of California

International Photo

Bunnell, Yale quarterback.

Following tradition, it is necessary to study the Big Three first. The fact there are perhaps half a dozen elevens in the country that can beat the Big Three champion each year is a mournful condition in their eyes, but it in no way lessens the fact that in football Yale, Harvard, and Princeton still are the Big Three from the romantic standpoint. The days when minor colleges figured only on holding down the score against these three are gone—but they still are the outstanding figures in the game.

Yale should win from both Princeton and Harvard again, but with a much harder fight to overcome Princeton than in the last two years. Tad Jones has a great team, hurt a little, I think, by hero worship. The loss at ends has been heavy with Luman, Bingham, and Gill gone, but Jones has strong material and the tackle problem that vexed him a year ago is easier. The Eli, of course, mourns the loss of several linemen who wouldn't behave in prosperity, and the graduation of Ducky Pond. But the loss of Pond will not be felt so seriously. Bill Kline is perhaps as great a plunging back and all-round threat man as Pond, except in kicking, and is a more punishing player besides being a stronger runner.

Princeton, always a surprise team, ranks second to Yale, with a fighting chance (Princeton seldom has more) of winning. The styles of play at Princeton and Yale are diametrically different: Princeton relies upon speed, daring, and brilliancy; Yale upon "fundamental" football, although under Jones, Yale has coupled an elemental variation of the so-called Western football.

PRINCETON has been weak for two years. Its customary light material is still light. The back field material, however, is strong and fast, the quarter back candidates better than usual—and, aside from the ends, Roper has excellent line prospects. Of ends he appears to have nothing worth while, and the efforts of the coaches in training have been to develop this essential position. "Stan" Keck was much help to Roper in drilling the line. Hope centers largely upon a raw-boned boy named Jeffers, who was a corking prep school player but who has played lacrosse at Princeton.

Roper, I think, erred last year in shifting linemen to strengthen the tackle positions, and he is switching again to strengthen the ends. McMillan, a veteran, has been a good man, but fat, and this year, as captain, has been spurred to great efforts and may prove one of the fine centers of the game—if a bad knee does not interfere. Princeton learned a lot of football from the Michigan coaches in the interchange last spring and is a threat.

Harvard has excellent material—more veteran players than either of its rivals. But there is small hope of a revived Harvard as yet. Dean is a strong center; there is much experienced material on the line. Cheek is back at quarter, and despite the loss of Gherke and

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

More good news FROM Jim Henry

Many millions of men have bought Mennen Shaving Cream on my say-so, and their morning tears of pain changed to tears of gratitude.

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This is addressed to those who have followed my advice and found it reliable. At your earliest opportunity exchange half a dollar at the drug store for a large tube of Mennen Skin Balm.

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Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

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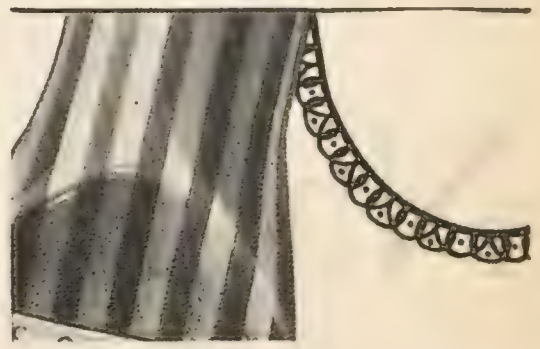

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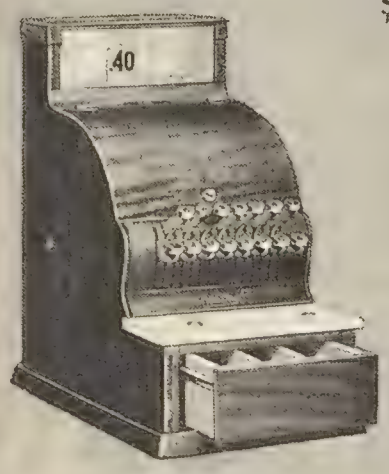

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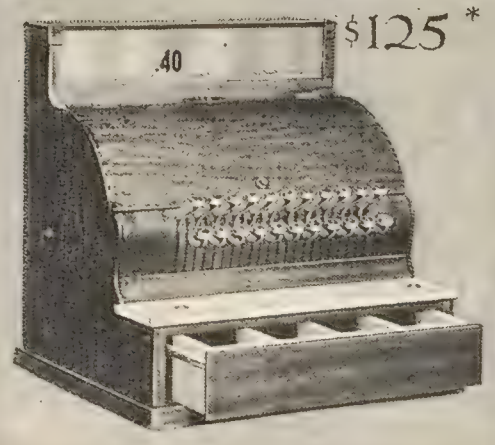

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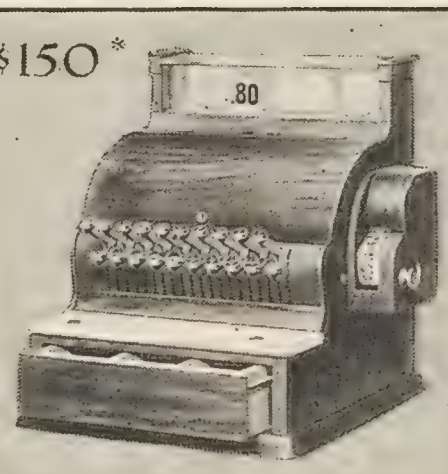

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

Hammond, the back field prospect would gladden almost any coach.

Plainly something is wrong at Harvard. As one coach expressed it, "No Harvard team will win while they have South End lines and Beacon Street back fields." True or not, the idea that the back field heroes are picked for social rather than football standing obtains among disgruntled Crimson fans seeking reasons for past failures.

FOOTBALL'S greatest fight, however, should be in the Conference. Never before have there been so many strong teams in the Big Ten—and the championship promises to be a matter of endurance. The Conference schedules are so strenuous that the champion of one week may fall the next before the seeming weakling. Last year, with Illinois seemingly certain of a clean slate, the tired team crashed before Minnesota.

Those wearing schedules make predictions uncertain. They make it impossible for a Conference team to "point" for any one game, since each must face a new, strong opponent for nine straight weeks.

On dope Illinois should lead. In addition to Harold Grange, proclaimed the greatest player since Willie Heston, the Illini have Kassel, who is one of the best ends in the country.

After Illinois, it is a difficult task to distinguish between the strength of Iowa, last year's runner-up, Wisconsin, Michigan, Chicago, Minnesota, Ohio, and Northwestern. Purdue and Indiana, of course, are too weak to figure in championship calculations. Northwestern, which formerly was one of the weakest three, threatens to blast the hopes of several teams this fall.

Glenn Thistlethwaite has pushed Northwestern back onto the edge of the Conference map. He has a veteran team, losing only two regulars—Full Back Weinecke and Guard Parsons—from the eleven that held everyone to low scores and showed marked strength last season. In spring practice it was discovered that much of the reserve strength was lost, ten of the twenty-one letter men having graduated. Reserve strength, in these days, when twenty or more men take part in every game, counts heavily. However, Thistlethwaite has received strong help. Fisher, the freshman end; Rusch, an experienced high school quarter; Gustafson and Lewis, backs, and Ross, a guard, are the most promising replacements.

Minnesota has, as usual, a wealth of football material, and the acquisition of "Doc" Spears as coach means more than material to the Gophers. Spears is a wonderful coach, his work at West Virginia revealing his ability to handle raw material. He finds the regulars of last year, the team which rose and overthrew Illinois and stopped Grange, pretty well shot to pieces with Lindberg, Cox, Schutte, Abramson, and Gay gone, but he has plenty of weight and experienced men to mold into a good eleven.

Burt Ingwersen is making another excellent team for Iowa, and, for the first time since Howard Jones was coach, the spirit runs high. Captain Parkin was lost, but seven of the regular team are back, and the material is stronger than in years. Ohio, in the doldrums for several years, is promising to be back in the fight, although hit hard by conditions which have kept promising freshmen out of the lists. Ten freshmen, besides Captain Cunningham and Dreyer, a two hundred-pound guard, are ineligible. A new guard, a new center, and a new quarter are needed to complete the team, although twelve letter men returned. Marek, the Cedar Rapids star, and Bell, Griswold, and Grimm are promising men.

Michigan is back with more veterans than ever, and seems a great team. The men appear to know football. Yost's sarcastic remark a few years ago will not apply today. He said:

"I have a great team; it can do everything except play football."

The guards with the appalling names of Slaughter and Steel are gone, with Tod Rockwell, but Yost has excellent material, and well coached.

Wisconsin loses few of its veterans, has the strongest reserves in the conference, and, with good coaching, should threaten Illinois. The material—in bulk—is even better than that at Urbana, and the reserve power is greater. Wisconsin has Steve Poliski, one of the best ends in the country, as captain, to build around. I rate Wisconsin second in strength, and the one most likely to overthrow Illinois.

CHICAGO always is a problem. Stagg is short on new material, as usual, having fewer men to pick from than any of the Big Ten, and his veteran material is only fair. The Maroon hopes, in fact, appear to center around Stagg's well known ability to construct a defense against almost any attack and an attack to penetrate almost any defense—if given time. Stagg is a master at getting the best results out of any material at hand.

In the Conference I figure Illinois first, with Wisconsin runner-up—the others almost evenly matched.

Perhaps the most interesting college group in America is the Pennsylvania colleges, in which group we must include the two big institutions of West Virginia. In

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

That breathless moment — for the hostess

The clock is striking eight . . . Guests will arrive any moment . . . You take a last look at the living room . . . How proud you are of those new tables . . . What distinction they add to the room.

For clever hostesses have discovered how much the new Imperial Tables can help to gain that precious touch of originality which wins praise from guests.

More small tables than ever are being used in living rooms this fall. Picture a book table with carved pedestal, by the easy chair. A sprightly tilt top by the window, where the sunlight dances on its figured top. And for a touch of color, a gayly decorated lamp table.

At your favorite furniture store you will find a choice collection of the new Imperial Tables, smartly designed, and blended of rare woods by talented craftsmen. They will help you bring new charm to familiar rooms.

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A New-Type Radio

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We ask you to take it home and let it entertain you for an evening *free*. See the phenomenal results attained through a newly discovered principle. Learn the supreme enjoyment of flawless radio reception. Simply send the coupon. It entitles you to this amazing test without the slightest obligation.

MODERN electrical science has discovered a new principle in radio.

A principle that offers 4 vital improvements in broadcast reception.

That accomplishes greater distance, greater clarity.

That brings in stations 1,000 miles away in the dead of August. Coast to coast in Winter as clearly as if the broadcaster were in the same room.

This set is not offered you for sale—first we'll lend you one to hear.

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We are radio engineers engaged in scientific research. We have pioneered many famous radio developments. Our business has been to supply parts for practically every circuit invented.

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A secret it took 12 months to learn

The story of what happened is briefly told.

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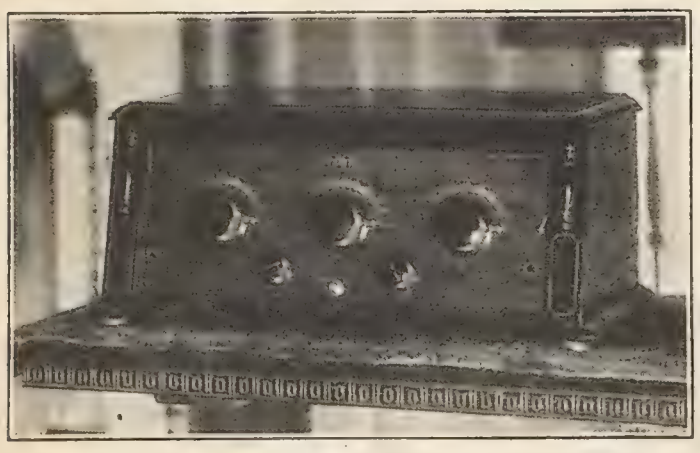

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Rich, two-tone dark mahogany or walnut finish, 5 tubes, $69.50. DeLuxe Model, in quartered French walnut, $77.50. Prices on Pacific coast, $73 and $82 respectively.

In addition 12,587 radio fans had already given us their utmost ideals of the master receiver.

Famous engineers worked day and night in our laboratories for many months. Step by step we accomplished things that others thought impossible.

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Quartered and matched figured walnut panels. French Huguenot finish. Supreme excellence in materials and construction throughout. Built-in horn and loud speaker. Complete, excepting tubes and accessories, $142.50. Standard Console of identical design, in two-tone dark walnut, $113.50. Pacific Coast prices, $150 and $119 respectively.

We built 73 experimental radio sets. And tore them down.

Then we made another—based on a new and entirely different principle found in no other radio set regardless of price.

A new radio principle

Here was a remarkable discovery. A greatly improved system of radio frequency amplification that is made possible *only* by a new and revolutionary coil—the Erla *Balloon *Circloid.

This remarkable coil is the heart of Erla Circloid Five receivers and is not found in any other set, no matter how costly.

Note these four great advantages:

First. It offers greater distance. Coast to coast—Canada to the Gulf in Winter. On reasonably clear evenings, 1,000 to 1,500 miles in Summer.

Second. Ends for good and all the crackling and metallic vibration so long considered inevitable. Gives to each tone its full, natural expression with the finest shades of meaning.

Third. Instantaneous selectivity. Stations separated only by a few meters wave length can be tuned in or out with surprising ease. Gets any station previously logged within 20 seconds by the stop watch.

Fourth. It has exceptional volume. Brings in distant stations, when desired, with volume to fill a concert auditorium.

** Trade Mark Registered*

Priced as low as $69.50

The Erla establishes entirely new standards in radio. Its results are astounding the radio world. And Erla prices are equally amazing.

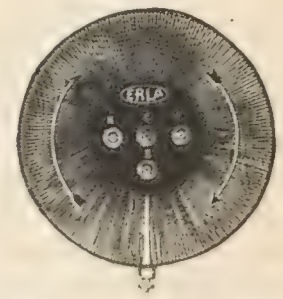
As leading parts makers with extensive plants and unlimited facilities, we are equipped to manufacture in enormous quantity.

Now, because of huge sales, we are able to offer the Circloid Five—with all of its great improvements—at prices unbelievably low.

There's an Erla for as little as $69.50, exclusive of accessories. And many other cabinet and console models. Each one an example of fine furniture and craftsmanship.

Now we ask you to test it

It has taken us a long time to perfect this ideal radio receiver. Step by step its supremacies have been attained. Today we believe it is the best radio set in existence.



New Erla Balloon Circloid Coupler and Transformer

Now we ask you to test it.

Present the coupon to your nearest radio dealer today—or mail it direct to us. We urge that you find out how astounding the results from this new radio discovery are.

FREE—This Unique Test

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☐ Please have my local Erla dealer send me a set for an evening.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

doping football and comparing teams one encounters difficulty in classifying schools. The game is different in Pennsylvania, although it is hard to explain the difference, save that the elevens hit harder and play the game more like professional teams than it is played anywhere else in the colleges, except perhaps, lately, in California.

THE fact is that section is the wisest football part of America. Players and spectators know more football, and the game is played harder than anywhere else. The sport has a tremendous hold on the people. Every town, school, and almost every mine, mill and factory has its team. Boys learn to play football before they learn the nicer ethics of the college sport. When they tackle outside schools their opponents complain, but one seldom hears them complaining about each other. As one famous Pennsylvania coach remarked, "To hell with those defeats with honor; we want to win." He merely blurted out what most colleges feel—and fear to say.

To make plain the difference between Western Pennsylvania and other teams it may be pointed out that officials like to officiate at those hard, fierce struggles for this reason: when one of those players holds in the line he holds purposely and skillfully, and when he is detected he knows he is guilty and never squeals. In most schools a boy caught holding denies the offense, unaware of having violated the rule in his excitement.

This year Pittsburgh has about the strongest array of football talent assembled in the country. It remains to be seen whether it is capably coached into a coherent team. But, towering over West Virginia, Pitt stands high above its rivals in material. The material is heavy, fast, experienced, mostly the product of Pennsylvania schools, and it will be hard to beat. Last year's team was new. Almost all of the stars are back, and it will be a team hard to defeat.

West Virginia has another heavy, powerful combination. Hugo Bezdek, at Penn State, has a terrific job of framing a team that can play both codes. His material is excellent, if it escapes the scholastic regulations, which are stricter than in former years. The spring practice developed the team rapidly. Penn State's schedule is, as usual, a tough one, and the slogan, "Beat Pitt," will be hard to make good this year.

Lafayette lost a great deal of talent, and faces a rather disrupted condition, having lost Berry, Bud, Chicknoski, Ernst, Brown, and Crate. The team does not shape up as well as last year's, which, after being touted as a great aggregation, with one of the most powerful back fields in the country, broke to pieces. Washington and Jefferson is not, on paper, as strong as usual, and Lehigh will have a hard time holding the gait it set under Greer, although Captain Merrill appears to be another leader of the same type.

Pennsylvania, which hardly is to be classed with Pennsylvania colleges, playing more the more conventional type of game, has the most murderous schedule in the country—with six tough games. The team, I believe, was overrated last year; a good team, but not as good as its record showed. Penn lost ten letter men, most of them linemen, and McGraw, its star. The back field material is excellent. But with the terrible schedule, which includes Illinois and Chicago, the Quakers are in for a season that will require more than a score of capable substitutes as good as the regulars. The Quakers have bitten off too much. Carnegie, of course, is handicapped by the small number of available men compared with other schools.

Consider now the independents—the schools belonging to no particular set, but playing teams in all conferences and sections. Dartmouth, which outgrew the smaller schools and wasn't quite big enough for the big ones, has been a menace to the Big Three for years.

For two years Dartmouth has been near the championship, and but for one of the strangest plays ever made, in which a player deliberately violated his own signal, would have had a clear title in the East. The team lost heavily, the loss of Dooley hurting severely, but the freshman material is stronger than in many years, and the team will be dangerous. Brown, three years triumphant over Harvard, is near the crest of its power, with another strong team. Its schedule is almost as murderous as that of Penn—an all-home schedule—and the eleven hardly can wear through unbeaten.

CORNELL, disrupted internally part of last season and not strong, seems just a little stronger this year. Cornell has an extraordinary number of turnovers in players, having lost eight first string men, so that Gil Dobie has had much rebuilding to do.

Columbia appears to outclass the New York district. Its schedule is difficult, and badly arranged. The loss of Koppisch was heavy, but (confidentially) Columbia is under cover with another player deemed as great a runner as last year's captain. Only three regulars were lost, the freshmen sent up an undefeated eleven, and the material is excellent and promises a good team under the efficient direction of Coach Charles Crowley, one of the late Percy Haughton's right-hand men.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The BULL'S EYE

Published every Now and Then

Proprietor MR. ROGERS *Circulation Mgr.* W. ROGERS *Editor* WILL ROGERS

Another "Bull" Durham advertisement by Will Rogers, Ziegfeld Follies and screen star, and leading American humorist. More coming. Watch for them.

I see where some of the Foreign Nations say they are going to FUND their debt to America, and all the Papers are all excited about it. But the BULL'S EYE is a paper that never misleads our readers (either one of them). FUNDING a debt means about the

same thing as having a fellow that has owed you for years, come to you and say, "I am going to make arrangements to take up that loan I owe you just as soon as I can collect it from some fellows who owe me." So don't by any means get FUNDING mixed up with PAYING. The two have nothing in common. These Nations are just stalling until another War comes along and the first thing you know our debt will be four Wars behind. We have enough saved up to fight again, but they are using it now to enforce Prohibition.

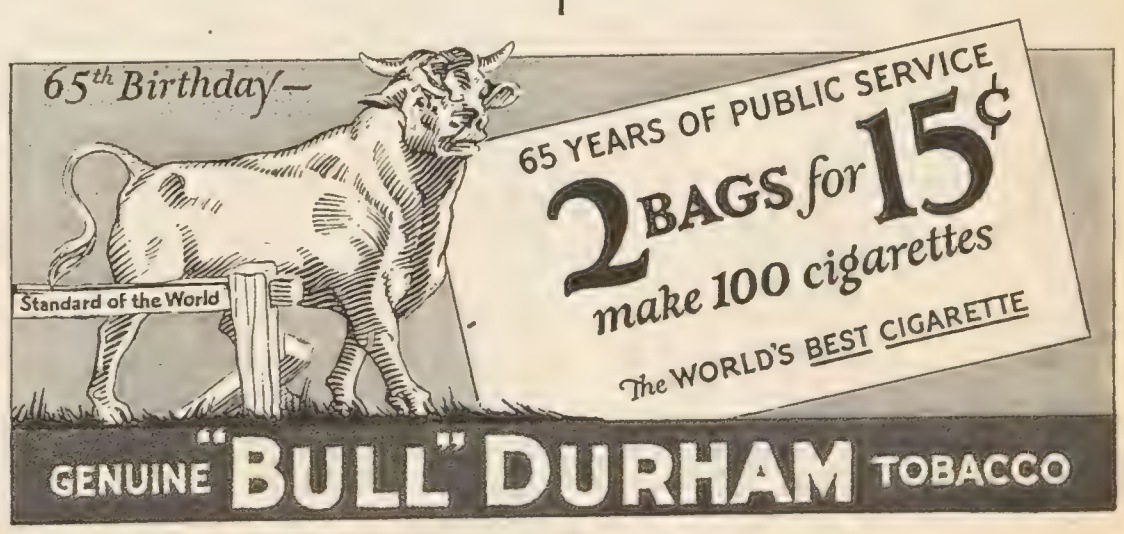
Oh, yes, "BULL" Durham. I like to forgot to mention that. Well, that is what the Foreign Nations are paying us in—"BULL" DURHAM without the DURHAM.

Will Rogers

P. S.—There will be another piece here two weeks from now. Look for it.

More of everything for a lot less money. That's the net of this "Bull" Durham proposition. More flavor—more enjoyment and a lot more money left in the bankroll at the end of a week's smoking.

Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co
INCORPORATED
111 Fifth Avenue, New York City



Don't envy Beauty —use Pompeian

HER whole evening had been a success. Everyone had wanted to dance with her—and it was wonderful to hear so many flattering things.

Perhaps all those dull times she used to know were gone forever! It was amazing to find out how completely a girl could change her appearance by "knowing what to do." She had Madame Jeannette to thank—for it certainly made a difference, now that she knew how to care for her skin.

She had learned from Madame Jeannette how to select the proper tone of Pompeian Bloom and to apply it correctly for youthful beauty.

SHADE CHART { *for selecting your correct tone of Pompeian Bloom*

Medium Skin: The average woman who has the medium skin can use the Medium shade, the Orange Tint, or the new Oriental Tint.

Olive Skin: Women with the true olive skin are generally dark of eyes and hair—and require the Dark shade.

Pink Skin: This is the youthful-looking skin that has real pink tones. Medium or Light tone of Pompeian Bloom should be used. Sometimes the Orange Tint is exquisite on such a skin.

White Skin: If you have a white skin, use Light, Medium, or Oriental Tint.

$1000.00
for best titles

Please help us get a title for this beautiful picture—the 1926 Pompeian Beauty Panel.

CASH PRIZES. 1st, $500; 2nd, $250; 3rd, $150; and 2 prizes of $50 each.

SUGGESTIONS. These titles may set your mind working—Beauty's Reward; Love's Hour; One or None; "I Love You, Dearest"; Beneath the Palms; Beauty Wins.

RULES

1. Only one title from one person.
2. Ten words or less for the title.
3. Write title on one sheet of paper. Below title write only your name and full address.
4. Coupon and coin for panel can be sent along with your title.
5. Contest closes Nov. 30, 1925, but get your title in early.
6. In the event of a tie for any prize offered, a prize identical with that tied for will be awarded to each tying contestant.
7. Prizes paid Dec. 15, 1925. Winners announced Jan. 9, Saturday Evening Post.

Note. If you plan to get panel anyhow, you can send for it first and study it in full size and colors. Then send in your title. However, no one is required to get a panel to enter contest.

GET 1926 PANEL
and Samples

THIS is the most beautiful and expensive panel we have ever offered. Executed by the famous colorist, Gene Pressler. Size 27 x 7 inches. Art store value 75c to $1. Sent for two dimes along with valuable samples of Pompeian Bloom (for youthful color); Pompeian Beauty Powder; Pompeian Day Cream (powder base); and Pompeian Night Cream (skin nourishing). Clip the coupon now, enclose 2 dimes and send today.

Pompeian Bloom
for youthful color

The Pompeian Laboratories
4001 Payne Ave., Cleveland, Ohio
I enclose 2 dimes (20c) for 1926 Pompeian Beauty Panel and valuable samples.

Name _____
Street Address _____
City _____
State _____
Bloom shade wanted? _____

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

Fordham is stronger and is reviving. Rutgers, a sensation last season, lost its two stars, Hazel and Benkert, and opposing colleges are rejoicing because Hazel at last has finished school. The most promising player in modern football, he will be missed.

Syracuse will not be as strong, and perhaps will miss Chick Meehan, but it is doubtful whether New York University will improve much under the young coach who was credited with doing wonders with the Salt City team.

Notre Dame lost practically its entire team, and all of the Four Horsemen, most of the second string, and two-thirds of the third team. Rockne has an easier schedule than usual, a lot of green material, which developed well in defense in the spring but which showed little offensive power. The team will not figure heavily in championships for another year, although Rockne has two men, one from Ohio, the other from Seattle, who are said to be as good as Stuhldreher. Washington and Lee, which meets many sections, seems to have the best team it has had since the days of Barrett, but the schedule is hard, and, starting with Pitt, seems ruinous.

Holy Cross and Boston College both have powerful teams. Holy Cross is seasoned, and Boston, with Cavanaugh coaching, is dangerous. Georgetown is not as strong as usual. Florida joined the boom last year and is strong and dangerous. Virginia, under "Greasy" Neale, is developing rapidly and has much reserve power.

THE entire South is in the grip of the football mania, and many of the schools are suffering from those evils which attend early enthusiasm over the game. Vanderbilt, under Dan McGugin, seems the most powerful team in the central section of the South, although lacking in reserve power. Tulane presents a strong team. Georgia Tech, after a slump of several years, is strong again, and, although beaten by Alabama and Vanderbilt last year, appears to be the sectional champion this season. Wyckoff, the captain, was near All-American caliber last year.

Between Army and Navy I must pick Army, because of better established conditions and more experienced material. Navy has changed coaches, and Jack Owsley fits the job. Most teams play the kind of ball their coaches played, and it was Owsley who put the dash and flash into Yale's once stolid game. Navy lost the regular ends, center, a guard, a tackle, and their only kicker, but it has strong material—and, better, the old Navy spirit is back. The Mule will know it has been butted by the Goat anyhow.

In the Little Three, Williams and Amherst resume their desperate contest. Amherst, under Captain Moore, who is light and fast, is much improved. Williams, exceptionally strong last year, has lost heavily. The loss of one of its stars, who turned to professional baseball, tends to weaken Williams. Between those two—pick the home team.

JUMP West. Nebraska appears to lead in the Missouri Valley, with its usual heavy, powerful, plunging team, and perhaps the most powerful backfield in America—four men each over 175, who can do close to ten seconds and three of them veterans. Missouri, which beat Kansas for the Conference championship last year, presents another strong outfit, while both Oklahoma and Kansas are strengthened.

Colorado, of course, overshadows its conference. The eleven that lost to Hawaii last year, after having gone undefeated, is not quite as strong, but still powerful. Denver, which lacked offensive power last year, seems to have gained, and will be dangerous. The Colorado School of Mines is not yet up to its old standard.

This brings the dope over the Rockies. The Mid-Western coaches are saying, "It is no longer necessary to fear the East; we have to turn our eyes over the mountains."

This is true. The Coast is developing great teams, has tremendous advantage in training and conditioning players, and with the huge student bodies and improved coaching, threatens the football supremacy of all other sections. It should be a gallant fight between California, Leland Stanford, Washington, and Southern California, with the University of California winning.

Andy Smith has lost only two men — Horrell and White — from his great California team of last year, while Glenn Warner lost all but four of his regulars at Stanford. Washington is strengthened, while Southern California is more powerful and experienced.

I predict (and this is about the only positive prediction I'll dare) that the team which captures the Coast championship will be the strongest in America—and, going further, will predict California wins. Captain Imlay is one of the greatest triple threat men in America, Young and Jabe are great backs, and Carey, Dixon, and Mell are outstanding players. It is a great team, with a year of vivid experience, and the most powerful reserves in the country.

Which concludes the dope. It is parlous to predict anything in football. But, on the material available, the above is the way the leading teams of the country stack up.

THE END

Handsome Mahogany-finish Bookcase—FREE

Now Ready!

New large printing

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in the New Form

At an Amazing Reduction in price!

TODAY you can obtain the Encyclopædia Britannica, printed in large type from the authentic Cambridge plates, complete and unabridged, *at a reduction of 46%.* And with each set a handsome mahogany-finish bookcase is given *free* while this offer lasts.

This unique opportunity is made possible because we have just completed a large new printing of the Britannica in the New Form, the most popular issue of this or any similar work ever published.

The publication of this New Form marks an epoch in the history of the Britannica. Its success is unprecedented. In all the history of publishing, we believe, there is no record to compare with it. Within less than twelve months, three huge printings have been sold. Now a fourth printing of 10,000 sets is just being received from the binders.

This means that we can now offer you one of these wonderful complete sets, the latest edition in large, easy-to-read type, for 46% less than the Cambridge issue which is famous throughout the world. Here is the ideal Britannica at a price so low everyone can afford it.

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A very small first payment will put the complete set of 16 double volumes and bookcase in your home immediately and you can pay the balance in easy monthly payments, so small that they will never be missed.

Seize this opportunity before it is too late! The time is now—it is the opportunity for which you have been waiting. So make sure of your set. Before you turn the page, send the attached coupon for free booklet (it commits you in no way) and we will mail you full particulars of this wonderful offer.

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The story of the New Form is a story of a unique idea involving revolutionary changes in the publication of the Britannica. This idea was the logical outcome of years of experience; it crystallized the recommendations of thousands of users and owners.

Our object was to produce the Britannica in a New Form with these specifications—and they have been carried out to the letter:

1—Large type, easy to read.

2—Complete and latest text.
(Nothing omitted, nothing altered.)

3—Fully illustrated.
(All the original plates, maps, etc.)

4—Sweeping reduction in price.

First of all, we made a striking innovation. It was decided to bind this issue of the Britannica in 16 double volumes instead of 32 single volumes. That one change enabled us to save nearly 50% of the binding cost.

This innovation was made possible by the use of the famous Britannica Opacity Paper, which is very thin but beautifully white and opaque.

Then it was determined to print this issue from the plates of the latest, revised Cambridge issue, the famous large page, large type issue Britannica which is known throughout the civilized world and sells for twice as much. By doing this it was possible to save thousands of dollars, because we did not have to reset 33,000 pages of type.

Contents Identical with Issues Selling for Twice as Much

The use of these plates is your guarantee that the text is identical with that of the finest de luxe sets.

The Britannica in the New Form is the newest and latest issue, containing not only a full and authoritative account of the World War and its momentous consequences, but all the latest developments in industry, art, science, invention, etc. It contains 49,000,000 words, 33,000 pages and 15,600 illustrations—as much material as 476 books of average size printed on ordinary paper.

The Encyclopædia Britannica is the one book you cannot afford not to own. Within its 33,000 pages you will find the quintessence of the world's knowledge.

Write for *FREE* Booklet

It tells all about the Britannica in the New Form, reproduces a number of specimen pages (many in color), explains the easy terms of payment, and tells the fascinating story of how our experts made possible such an amazing reduction in price. 56 pages of interesting, instructive reading. ***Free on request if you mail the coupon promptly.***

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342 Madison Avenue, New York

Please send me, without cost or obligation, a copy of your 56-page book describing the Encyclopædia Britannica in the New Form at the special 46% saving and full details of your plan of small monthly payments.

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Mahogany-finish bookcase free while this offer lasts!

How Much Work Does a King Do?

If You Think His Job Is Soft, Read What King George Does With His Days—and His Nights

By B. B. Battersby

KING GEORGE THE FIFTH had a sore throat, which was no trifling matter. Ask anybody who has had laryngitis or tonsillitis. He will tell you what a human disaster it is to have either and it would appear from the newspapers that the king had both.

Thus was the nominal ruler of the British Empire reduced to such miserable physical extremity that his doctors (seven of them collaborated in the writing of the opinion) ordered him to board the royal yacht and sail off to mellower climes to rest and revive.

"We see," wrote a deeply solicitous Yankee editor, "that the King of England is going on a holiday. Gosh! Suppose something important comes up while he's away."

Other and equally disrespectful Americans wrung their hands twice because, as they pointed out, the Prince of Wales would be absent from London at the same time. With crises happening every other moment in Germany, France, Portugal, Italy, and the Balkans, what if one should arise in England?

As it happened, nothing of tremendous import did occur while the king was away from his throne. He came home to London feeling much better. We still do not know what would have happened to England had he been absent in a crisis.

All of which would lead the unsuspecting to believe that the King of England is about as important in the affairs of his government as an honorary lieutenant colonel on a Governor's staff is to the United States Army. They intimate that King George doesn't work hard; that about his most arduous labors consist in breaking in new pearl gray derbies and waving same at his subjects.

They're wrong. As kingships go in these democratic days, the British monarch holds no sinecure.

We have no officeholder in America whose job is comparable to that of England's king.

It is true, of course, that the photographs and movies which acquaint us with the king invariably show him toying with the aforesaid derby, riding a peaceable nag in Hyde Park, shaking hands with the Ahkoond of Swat, laying the cornerstone of the new town hall at Waspsting Double, Fridayshire, Hepst, or looking solemnly at the grand stand while Lord Eustace's Ballyhoo The Bounder is being beaten a length by a French seven-year-old.

It is true, too, that we seldom see pictures of King George indulging in what we classify as gainful employment. But seldom, if you care to think of it, is our President so shown us in the Sunday newspapers and the movie reels. For every photograph sent us from England showing the king handing a cup of tea to a Cornish collier we have one of our President trundling an Easter egg down the White House terrace.

International Photo

George V. arrayed for a busy day of receptions.

George assumed the crown and scepter quite seriously. Since his ascendency he has not taken a real holiday until recently when ordered by his doctors to do so. To be sure he has made annual sallies abroad in the royal yacht, but he carried his more serious state duties with him.

WITH him he has always carried a staff of secretaries, clerks, and the other human impedimenta of the executive office. To him, daily and even oftener, came swift messengers bearing letters from the Premier, from Parliament, and from the Privy Council. Away from home he has constantly at his elbow one of his ministers, who receives and interprets for him reports of the political maneuvers of politicians, big and small, and the latest social and economic thought of the Empire. Not the least of his duties is to be at all times wholly conversant with all the known thought of his people and as a job that is no week-end on the farm or seashore.

When his majesty arises in the morning secretaries read to him, as he disposes of his toast and marmalade, his program for the day. At ten o'clock, for example, he is to greet an Algerian admiral. He does it wearing the uniform of an admiral of the British Navy. At eleven he is to receive an Italian general and he does so carefully dressed in his field marshal's accouterments. At noon he has a Colonial Premier to luncheon and he is dressed in properly democratic habiliments. At two he receives a deputation of the descendants of Scottish chiefs, and he appears before them in tartan, sporran, and tam.

Later in the afternoon he is to contribute his presence at a garden party for the aid of a horse hospital and he goes skillfully clad in the garments a gentleman wears at such functions at such an hour—not, however, as a blacksmith. And in the evening, like as not, he dines with some royal society.

And during the day he has signed scores of letters, documents, commissions, memoranda, and memorials. He is the symbol of Great Britain's power. All official work is done in his name. He must subscribe his name to every commission granted in the army, the navy, and the air force.

His ministers decide what is to be done by executive order, but he must, under his own hand and seal, promulgate the order. That means that he must preside at all meetings of the Privy Council and be thoroughly and eternally on the job lest his ministers, by design or accident, put over something which will irritate a too great number of the citizenry.

EVERY morning the King of England and Emperor of India must listen to relays of secretaries read a digest of all the day's news as cut from the newspapers of Europe. He must not stir abroad that day until he knows the name of the current Premier of France and his probable successor, the latest quotations of the mark and why it is so, the import of Leon Trotzky's latest veiled threat, the news from Ukrainia, Latvia, Greece, Turkey, Bulgaria, and other ammunition dumps, the latest attitude of Japan, who's President of China, whose husband is spending the month in Nice with Lady Haughhaugh, and how many of his Britannic majesty's subjects are delivering anti-American lectures in New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia. This, while a severe tax upon any man, is the king's portion lest he offend the Canadian by asking him about the rabbit crop in New Zealand, confuse the Bishop of Trinidad with the Vicar of Wakefield, or inquire of the bachelor K. C. of Merthyr Tydfil the condition of the wife and babies.

Frankly, George the Fifth has a tough assignment. No finer tribute could be paid to the man nor greater recognition given the fact that his duties are bone-grinding than that Parliament appointed a commission to discharge his duties while he was off recuperating from the ravages of his throat affections. Yes, a four-man commission, a notable quartet, too—the Prime Minister, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Prince Henry, the invalid's third son, and the Lord Chancellor. Who among you, were you to take a vacation, would leave behind so wide a gap in your business firmament that four men would be required to fill it?

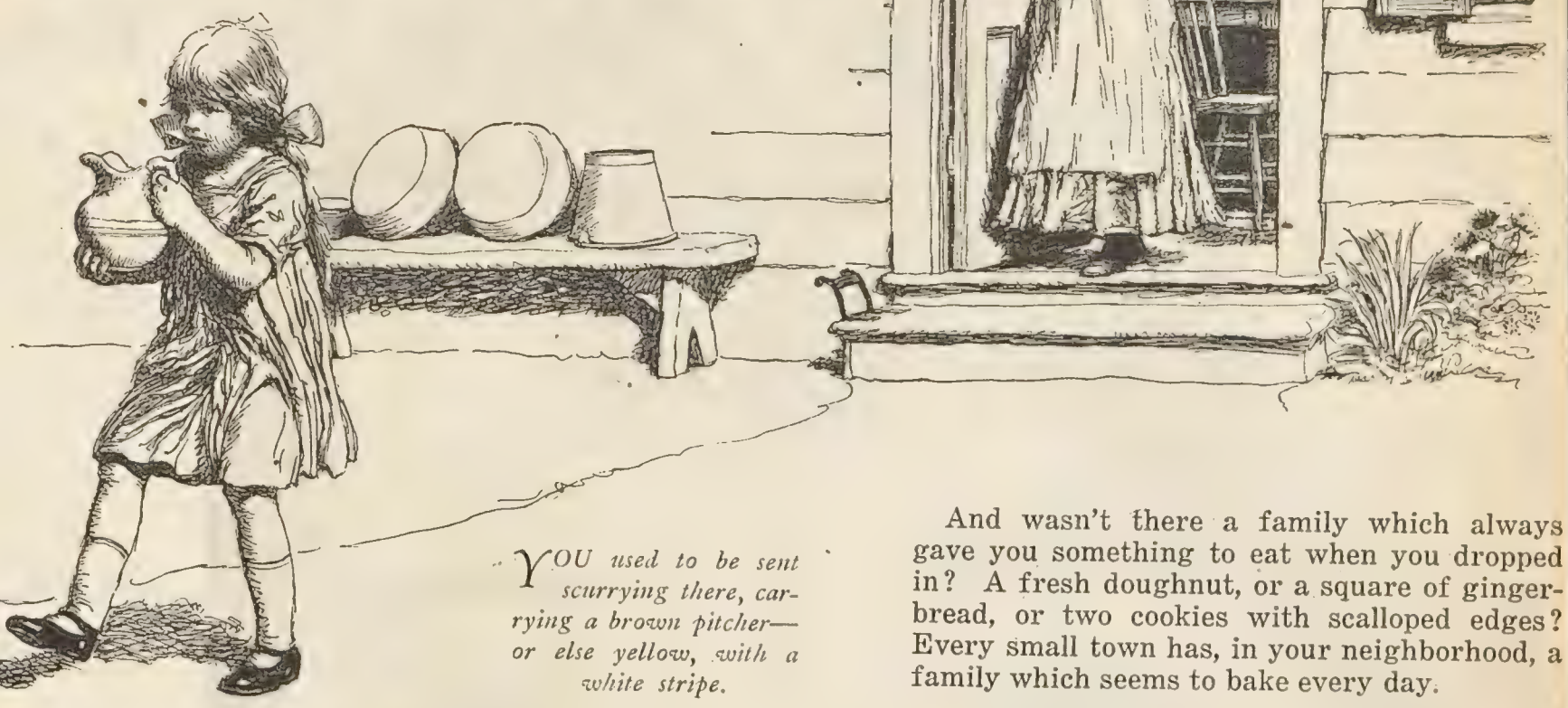
THE END

Why I Like a SMALL TOWN

A Tribute to Dwelling Where There's Room Enough for Real Life

By
ZONA GALE

Pictures by
NORMAN PRICE



YOU used to be sent scurrying there, carrying a brown pitcher—or else yellow, with a white stripe.

WHEN I met Mr. Sinclair Lewis, who once lived in a little town in a State adjoining the Middle West State of my little town, he instantly said:

"What's become of the family that used to live over beyond the track?"

Being slow, I asked: "You mean . . . ?"

"The family," he repeated with emphasis, "that used to live over beyond the track!"

Then I caught it. He wanted to have a visit about the old imaginary friends.

"Oh," I told him, "they have moved down in that house next to the wood yard."

"One of them still in the telegraph office?" he inquired.

"Just the same," I told him.

"And Maggie! Tell me about Maggie," he besought.

"The one with the lisp?"

"That's the one—I'd forgotten the lisp. Where is she . . . ?"

"She married the traveling man," I explained.

"Well, now," he said, "I'm the one that can tell you about Henry. Remember Henry?"

It became one of those "whatever became of So-and-So" conversations, in which a kind of spell settles over the talkers. I am bound to say that these imaginary people were just as interesting as real ones. For they all fall into types—across-the-track or high-hill family, or who not. At once I almost knew who Mr. Lewis meant, and could answer his questions about his people with facts about my own.

Everyone can do the same, with people, with properties, and with experience.

For example, in your little town do you remember the woman in the neighborhood who used to sell milk; and whenever there was sudden "company" you used to be sent scurrying there, carrying a brown earthen pitcher—wasn't it brown earthen? Or else yellow, with a white stripe around it. And wasn't that woman brown and bent, with irregularly arched eyebrows and dark, wrinkled hands? I would know her anywhere.

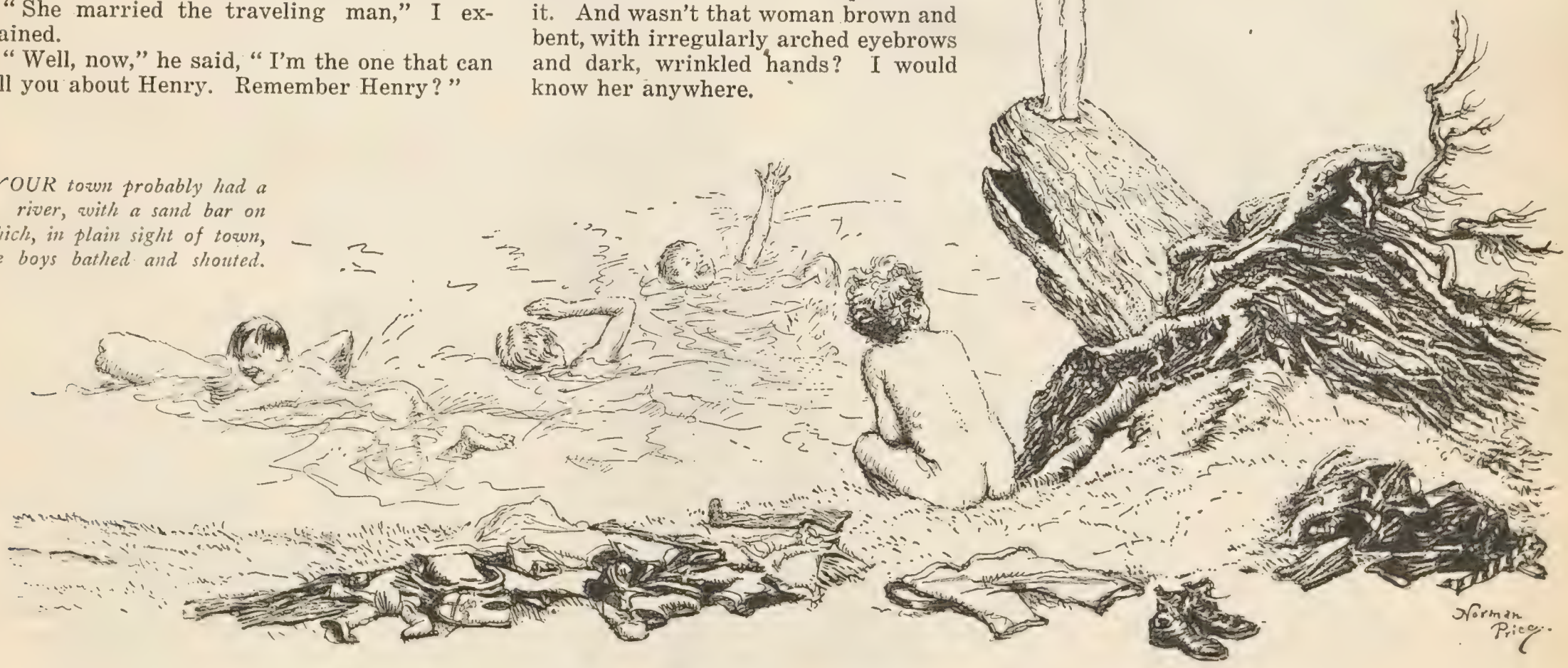
And wasn't there a family which always gave you something to eat when you dropped in? A fresh doughnut, or a square of gingerbread, or two cookies with scalloped edges? Every small town has, in your neighborhood, a family which seems to bake every day.

AND wasn't there a man who drove a light buggy without a top, yellow, with those first rubber tired wheels; and didn't he sometimes give you a ride home? Very likely he had a short, thick beard and wore a gray felt hat and didn't talk to you much.

There was pretty surely a white bulldog which used to howl and tear up the towels spread on the grass. There was a man who still wore his blue army cape. There was somebody who walked with a cane and thumped it on the wooden sidewalks. There was a horse that was always getting out and galloping on those walks and hitting all the loose boards. There was one cedar hedge in town, from which to nip pungent bits in passing; and there was one fence with flat-topped pickets, from which

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

YOUR town probably had a river, with a sand bar on which, in plain sight of town, the boys bathed and shouted.



"Ready in a jiffy!"

SHE had just finished a vigorous round at tennis when some friends drove by and invited her:

"Peggy, can you join us right away—big party out at Dorothy's in the country."

Most girls would have demurred; but she had learned the secret of freshening up quickly with Listerine, the safe antiseptic. She was ready to go with them in just a few moments.

* * *

Listerine really is delightfully refreshing and effective as a perspiration deodorant.

And there are many occasions for using it this way, particularly in summer:—when you feel hot and uncomfortable—maybe after shopping; when you want to freshen up quickly after exercising; when traveling on trains makes you wish for the old tub back home.

It does the trick—and it's *safe*. Listerine won't irritate the skin or stain garments. You'll be delighted with it.

To test the deodorizing properties of Listerine, simply try this some day: Rub a little fresh onion on your hand. Then douse on Listerine. The onion odor immediately disappears.

You'll say it's remarkable—and it is.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, U. S. A.*

LISTERINE —the safe antiseptic

LISTERINE Throat Tablets are now available. Please do not make the mistake of expecting to correct bad breath. Rely on the liquid, Listerine. Containing all of the antiseptic essential oils of Listerine, however, they are very valuable as a relief for throat irritations—25 cents.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

you could eat off the snow, like white caramels.

And your own particular small town probably had somewhere near it a length of water. It may have been a river, coming intimately near, with a sand bar on which, in plain sight of town, the boys bathed and shouted on summer afternoons.

If it was a river, there was a bridge, round whose piers at either end great stones clustered, on which, in summer evenings, these same boys gathered and talked simultaneously of big deeds, done by themselves, or by their relatives —or perhaps yet to be done.

And when the sun melted and spread color in the water, then, stirred by they knew not what, they hung head downward from the stringers, over the stones, and yodeled. That yodel, fluting over the little lit homes, admitted to those homes something winged and tempting, so that fathers and mothers, reading by early lamplight, stirred and put on far looks —the fathers as if they, too, had yodeled, and the mothers as if they had always wanted to.

If there was no river winding through your small town, there was a lake—farther away, with an icehouse on its edge, and to break into this icehouse was the idol of all boys' dreams. There were broken boathouses, broken boats, water lilies, skating—two miles was nothing, on a starry night, to walk for skating—and deep sea fishing near the spot in the lake where *they had never found bottom.*

AND if no river or lake, then there was a pond—and that was best of all. No one had ever drowned in it, no one was forbidden it—everybody tumbled round with it as if it were a Newfoundland dog and belonged to the family.

Or, if your small town had no waterway in it, if you were forced to find a farm brook when you thirsted for water sports, or for strange bugs or for the sea, then your small town denied you something which should have been your own.

And were you a boy when they put in the waterworks? And did you climb the ladder to the top of the tower and announce it to the family casually at supper? Or keep it from the family and boast of it at school, only to be told that every other boy in the gang had been up there alone, in order to be the first? And one girl. There was always one girl who climbed it, too. In our town it was Ansie Brown.

And one winter did they have a toboggan? Ours was on the canal —we had two rivers, a lake *and* a canal. Down this toboggan it cost five cents to ride, and it was terrible—the five cents went so quickly. Going down you couldn't get your mind off the five cents— "Now it's quarter gone—now it's half gone, now three-quarters—whizzzz. *Now* where's your nickel? Where's your other one? Where?"

And did they send you on errands at night? This was before telephones. If they wanted the doctor, or the drug store, or an egg, did you have to go out into the enormously expanded world and run? How your footsteps echoed! And nobody else was on the street. And you got a pain in your side, in both sides!

When you came back, and plunged up the back steps, will you ever forget the warmth and odor of cooking in the kitchen? The unconscious welcome in the kitchen range and the lamp shelf? That sense of security and of home! Home then was an emotion. No other welcome, no convalescence even, was quite like that richness of safe return.

AND did you have to do a good share of the marketing? Before telephones and before delivery it all had to be brought home in baskets. If there was ten cents' worth of chipped dried beef to bring, or a slice of American cheese, or a cake of sweet chocolate, or a package of raisins or of coconut, or a bag of brown sugar, or a piece of citron (in mincemeat making time), or a quart of cranberries, *then* it wasn't so bad, because you could do a good deal with these things between town and home. But usually it was baking powder.

The green stuff came from the garden. You know that! You dug the potatoes and pried away the bugs, you pulled the carrots and the beets and the vegetable oysters. But the exciting ones like corn and peas and tomatoes they didn't let you handle much, because you pulled up the stalks or the vines.

You got the best of them in cabbage, though—or if you didn't you were not inventive. Didn't you bite into the top of one once, in the ground, right where it grew, and feed there contentedly, looking all round between bites—until you saw Them laughing at you through the blinds?

Blinds. Green blinds. Outside ones. And when the sky looked black and the leaves turned inside out and showed their whites, your mother and sisters closed all the the blinds—running round outside to those on the ground floor. This was to protect the glass from hail. What has become of the old-fashioned hail that used to break all the windows? Is it true that there were not so many plate glass windows in those days? There is *one* thing that is better now than it used to be. There may be more.

THE END

Acoustics by Brandes

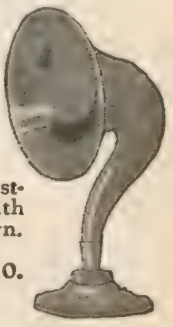
The new Brandes Speaker, Type H. It gives new rounded fullness to the low register and new clarified lightness to the high. A good-looking, graceful, antique finished horn. Adjustable. $18.

ACOUSTICS is the science of sound. Radio acoustics is the science of transforming electrical impulses into audible sound—the new and absorbing study of *real* reproduction of voice and music. And in this field Brandes have been pioneers since 1908.

Today, along with an era of remarkable new speakers by Brandes, has dawned an epoch of Brandes acoustics built into better radio sets.

So, whether you buy a set *and* a speaker, or a set with a self-contained speaker, insist on "Acoustics by Brandes" and be assured of finest tone quality and uniformly good reproduction.

The Superior *Matched Tone* Headset to tune in with. To listen-in undisturbed. $4.50.



The Brandes Adjustable *Table-Talker* with the gooseneck horn. Clear, mellow tone. $10.

Brandes new Cabinet Speaker. Same unit as Type H. Adjustable. $30.

The new Phonograph Attachment—same unit as Type H speaker. Adjustable. $10.

Brandes

Experts in radio acoustics since 1908

© By Brandes Products Corp., 1925 *Prices slightly more west of the Rockies and in Canada*

A SENSATIONAL NEW OFFER!

5¢ **Liberty**
A Weekly for Everybody

$1,000.00

Each Week for

DO you know of any one who has performed an act of bravery? Do you want to see him or her properly rewarded?

If so, write a letter to Liberty about it. Tell the date and place it happened, the names and addresses of the persons involved, and what occurred.

Liberty will pay a reward of $1,000.00 in cash each week for the greatest deed of heroism which comes to its attention.

The $1,000.00 will be paid to the person or persons who performed the deed. *IN ADDITION* an award of $100.00 in cash will be paid to the person who informs Liberty of the deed. All information must be sent by letter. If more than one person writes Liberty about the same deed the $100.00 will be paid to the person who, in the opinion of Liberty, sends the most complete information.

Why We Make This Offer

Every day something happens somewhere in the world to cause some person or persons to perform a deed of heroism. Lives are risked—selfish interests are completely forgotten—all thoughts of family and fortune are swept aside—*in an instant!*

Several months ago, when the whole world was stunned by the news that Floyd Collins was entombed in a cave in Kentucky, several men *volunteered* to crawl through a crevice in the sagging mountain to save him.

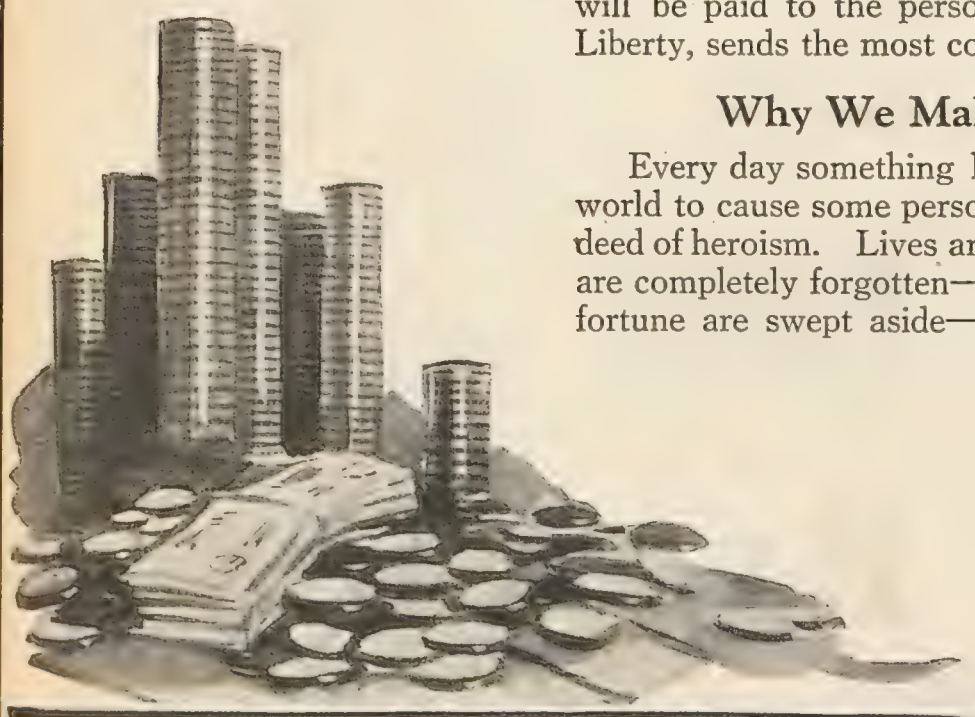
Recently eight Chicago policemen were honored for bravely facing the danger of death in capturing the armed bandits who held up the Drake Hotel.

Every day deeds of heroism are performed. A child is saved from being run over by an automobile or train. A person is saved from drowning. A baby is rescued from a burning building, etc., etc.

To encourage deeds of valor and to honor those who perform them, Liberty makes this offer.

Any Deed
Of Remarkable Heroism

There are no restrictions as to the kind of deed. Liberty wants to know about ANY brave deed you did yourself or *ANY WHICH YOU SAW OR WHICH YOU KNOW ABOUT.*



$1,000.00 Cash Reward

Simply Write a Letter to Liberty
You Did Yourself, You

Will Pay

REWARD

Deeds of Bravery!

$1,000.00 must be won each week! The money will be given to the person or persons who, in the opinion of Liberty, performed the greatest deed of valor. If the act was performed by more than one person and Liberty so determines, the money will be divided equally among the winners.

If the winner shall have given his life in the performance of the deed, Liberty reserves the right to determine to pay the money to the widow, the child or children, or to any other beneficiary who in its judgment may deserve the reward.

In addition to the $1,000.00 Liberty will present to each winner A GOLD MEDAL inscribed "For Bravery."

Open to Men, Women, Children

This offer is open to men, women, boys and girls. There is no age limit. There is no class limit. It applies to the worker, the statesman, the policeman, the fireman, the sheriff, the schoolboy—*everybody!*

It is restricted to residents of the United States and Canada. But the deed for which the money will be given may have been performed anywhere in the world.

The deed you write about must be bona fide. You must know the facts to be true. Liberty will check up all details carefully.

Names of winners will be published in Liberty every week together with stories of the winning incidents.

Simply Write a Letter

If you do not know the names or cannot supply *all* the facts, *write anyway. Liberty will send its personal representatives anywhere to check up the case and supply the missing data.*

All letters should be addressed "Heroes," care of Liberty, Post Office Box 1123, Chicago, Ill.

Write a letter every day—or every week. Then watch Liberty for the names of winners.

Editors and Reporters, NOTE: The $100.00 award will be paid each week for the best "tip." Write us!

Must Be Won Each Week!

Telling What Brave Deed Saw, or You Know Of

Copyright, 1925, by Liberty Weekly, Inc.

Here's an Ad

that wins men by its fairness

Don't buy yet—wait till the 10-day tube we send you proves its case

GENTLEMEN:

Palmolive Shaving Cream is today the leader in its field.

Yet we urge men not to buy it before they try it.

Our whole case rests on a 10-day tube that we send, free, for a test.

On that basis we have won the world to this new creation.

Men by the millions are flocking to it. Its success is a business sensation.

Give us ONE Chance

We realize you are probably wedded to another shaving cream.

But, as expert soap-makers (we make Palmolive Soap, you know, the world's leading toilet soap), we know a fair comparison 80 times in 100 will win you.

Palmolive Shaving Cream is a unique creation. There is no other like it.

It embodies the four great essentials 1000 men expressed as their supreme desires in a shaving cream—plus a fifth, strong bubbles, the most important of all.

60 years of soap and skin study stand behind it.

130 formulas were tested and discarded before the right one came.

10 days of its delights, we believe, will win you to our side.

Now as a courtesy to us, will you mail the coupon and accept those 10 shaves free?

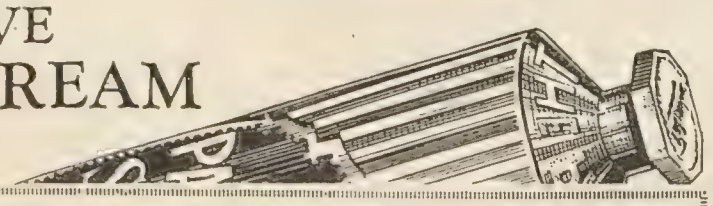
5 New Joys

These you'll find—these new shaving joys, these comforts unknown before:

1 Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2 Softens the beard in one minute.
3 Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4 Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5 Palm and olive oils bring one fine after-effects.

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream.

PALMOLIVE
SHAVING CREAM



2953

10 SHAVES FREE and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-1065, the Palmolive Company (Del. Corp.), 3702 Iron Street, Chicago, Ill.

Residents of Wisconsin should address The Palmolive Company (Wis. Corp.), Milwaukee, Wis.

Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

$1,000 Cover Title Contest

Winning Titles for the Cover Picture of August 22

The cover for which the winning titles were written

FIRST PRIZE—$500

One Out—and the Bag's Full.
W. E. Niven, 502 Flint P. Smith Bldg., Flint, Mich.

SECOND PRIZE—$250

A Nice Catch Claimed by Both Sides.
Mrs. Gertrude Wagoner, Dalhart, Tex.

THIRD PRIZE—$100

Left—Holding the "Sack."
Beulah Averill, 1417 East 29th St., Kansas City, Mo.

FOURTH PRIZE—$50

Ignoring a Certainty for a Sporting Chance.
Mrs. George A. Harrop, Jr., 47 Rockland Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.

FIFTH PRIZE—$25

A Little Pirate Scores a Double Play.
Theodore Geiger, c|o Acme International X-Ray Co., 310 W. Chicago Ave., Chicago.

SIXTH PRIZE—$25

A Neat One in Center.
Mrs. Ann Dickensheets, Huntington, Mo.

SEVENTH PRIZE—$25

"A Squeeze Play with One Out!"
Mrs. A. Levine, Corsicana, Tex.

EIGHTH PRIZE—$25

Umpiring Her Own Little Game.
May Burton, 1114 Fifth Ave., Beaver Falls, Pa.

Next Week: Winners for Aug. 29

Bright Sayings *of* Children

This Weekly will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright sayings of a child. Address the "Bright Sayings Editor," Liberty, Tribune Square, Chicago.

It Ought to Be Investigated

Lura, aged three, remarked wisely: "Mother, the weather doesn't do what the newspaper tells it to!"—A. W. H., Peekskill, N. Y.

* * *

The Cat Was "Ruined"

Little Margie had never been told anything about death. She came in one day dragging by the tail a cat which had been run over by a truck.

"Look, mamma," she cried. "This cat is completely ruined."—R. C. F., Chicago.

JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

If you want to know why *ten million people* have read Curwood's books, get his newest adventure-romance

The ANCIENT HIGHWAY

A wonderful story of a fight for love and success in the heart of Canada's forests.

GET IT TO-DAY
At any bookstore—$2.00

Cosmopolitan Book Corporation
119 West 40th Street, New York

A Powerful New Serial of Conflict—and the Love Affairs of An Ambitious Woman

CARIA

By
Horatio Winslow

Pictures by FRANCES ROGERS

THE pocketbook was dropped at the corner and, two minutes later, found by Hungry Hooper.

WHO'S WHO IN THE SECOND INSTALLMENT

CARIA, *the erstwhile belle of West Waunette, has come to the University of Wisconsin, where she passes a large part of her Freshman year unnoticed. She knows that if she could get into a sorority she could become popular because of her beauty and personality. But there seems to be no means of effecting such an entree, until one night she meets*

HUNGRY HOOPER, *the college poet, an idealist and dreamer, yet notable for his "go-getting" qualities. Caria, realizing that he can be of infinite value to her in promoting her ambitions, cultivates him assiduously and definitely breaks off her engagement to*

ROLLIE OLIVER, *an obscure, second-rate athlete who belongs to no fraternity and spends much of his time attending moral lectures given by*

"DAD" BULGER, *an elderly gentleman who works with great enthusiasm to uplift the college students of the Middle West. Then there is*

WILLET GAMM, *whom Caria secretly and hopelessly admires from afar. He is rich, handsome, well-groomed, a member of the best fraternity, and one of the most popular men at Wisconsin.*

HUNGRY NO MORE

When as I walked in Paradise
An angel with a flaming sword
Pointed to where before my eyes
Four letters sprawled upon a board:
E-X-I-T—Exit—it said
The angel motioned with his head:
"Good-by, my boy, and don't come back;
We're locking up so don't come back;
Good luck—keep going—don't come back!"

—CO-ED LYRICS.

THE HOURS Caria spent with Hungry were like a string of educational beads to her. She told them over one by one and gloated at her growing discernment.

"Trimming never yet made a bad thing good; simplicity—that's the dope.

"Don't try to lead when you dance with me: I'll take care of that.

"Instead of saying your father runs a lumber yard at West Waunette say he's a Lumberman from Up North.

"Don't waste time telling about the doings at the Willowoc High School, because of all the uninteresting things that ever happened the Willowoc High School strikes me as about the most uninterestingest.

"Make the other fellow talk; that's what he's aching to do. And after he's started don't cut in with some remark about the sunset: act as though you're listening. And if you can't ask intelligent questions just sit and look admiringly until he gets through.

"Use other people: don't let them use you.

"Always snub the snobs. That's part of the Higher Strategy, and anyhow they like it: it's meat and drink to 'em.

"The best way never to get anywhere is to keep on thinking you know it all."

Sometimes after parting from Hungry Caria wept and swore never under any circumstances to see him again: his truths and his advice were too unpleasant. But always the morning brought better counsel. Caria saw she was being thoroughly renovated and transformed and immeasurably improved. And all this thanks to Hungry.

Like Willet Gamm, Hungry hailed from the great city of Chicago where, until the death of his parents, he had been properly reared and refined. Since the age of fifteen, under the guardianship of an uncle, he had run about in a larger world. He was no Little Boy.

His judgments on the life about him varied sharply with those of Rollie Oliver. For example, in his opinion Dad Bulger was an Old Fool. Privately this had been Caria's conclusion, but she enjoyed having it confirmed.

Less agreeable to her was his analysis of Willet Gamm.

"Willet Gamm," said Hungry, "is the college man's ideal: he doesn't do anything. No-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Do Not Permit Gray Hair To Age You Unfairly

Special Offer

On receipt of 10c we will mail Trial Bottles of Brownatone and NaTone Lemonated Shampoo. This shampoo especially made for users of Brownatone, and others, who desire a safe and satisfactory hair wash.

GUARANTEED HARMLESS

BROWNATONE

TINTS GRAY HAIR ANY SHADE

THE KENTON PHARMACAL CO.
1095 Coppin Building
Covington, Ky.
Canada Address: Windsor, Ont.

Advanced opinion justifies tinting gray, faded or bleached hair to becomingly natural shades. Thousands of women all over the United States and Canada have for many years used Brownatone to restore the look of youth. They know that it is safe and satisfactory.

Every bottle carries this absolute guarantee—that it contains no ingredient harmful to hair, scalp or skin. That it will immediately tint to natural colors without brittle harshness. That the tint is lasting, requiring applications only to the new growth. That it will not wash out nor rub off. You are entitled to this assurance. Be sure! Do not experiment! Be safe!

To restore the original color to your hair use Brownatone. Impart any shade from lightest blonde to deepest brown or black. Easy to apply. Two sizes, 50c and $1.50. Sold at all drug and department stores.

To retain color and beauty of hair, whether gray, tinted or natural, use NaTone Lemonated Shampoo.

SEND THIS COUPON

The Kenton Pharmacal Co.,
1095 Coppin Bldg., Covington, Ky.

Enclosed find 10c (coin or stamps) for which send trial bottles of Brownatone and NaTone Lemonated Shampoo. I have checked shade of Brownatone preferred; golden brown..... medium brown..... dark brown..... black.....

Name.....

Address.....

Few women really know

Old ideas about feminine hygiene still held by many. Physicians and nurses deplore use of poisonous antiseptics for this purpose. "No longer necessary" they say.

WRONG information often does more harm than no information at all, as any trained nurse will testify, especially in dealing with a subject like feminine hygiene.

The plain truth is that there are still many women who use *poisonous antiseptics* in the practice of personal hygiene—bichloride of mercury or various compounds of carbolic acid.

The *motive* is commendable enough—the desire for a thorough personal cleanliness, free from the presence of germ-life. But the *method* can not be too strongly condemned. Think of it! Using on the most delicate membranes poisonous compounds so caustic that they can not be held in the mouth!

Compounds of carbolic acid cause areas of scar-tissue

Most compounds of carbolic acid (which can always be detected by their odor) are saponified in an effort to reduce the burning and irritation of this poison. These soap ingredients wash away necessary gland secretions, and the continued use of such poisonous compounds frequently results in an area of scar-tissue, with dullness and hardening of the membrane.

Now comes Zonite, the great NON-POISONOUS antiseptic

All these risks in the practice of feminine hygiene have been definitely removed by the perfecting of Zonite. This is a stable, bottled form of the great antiseptic discovered during the World War.

Absolutely non-poisonous and safe to use, Zonite is nevertheless *far more powerful and effective* than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be applied to the body. Every woman may well be thankful for it, because it provides absolute surgical cleanliness and freedom from germs. And there is no danger of accidental poisoning—a danger always present hitherto when children had the run of the house. There is no "skull-and-crossbones" on the Zonite bottle.

Send to the Women's Division for this free booklet

The Women's Division has prepared a special feminine hygiene booklet—concise, frank, authentic. Use the coupon and send for it in dainty "social correspondence" envelope.

Buy Zonite at your drug store, 50c and $1. (Slightly higher in Canada.) If your druggist cannot supply you, send 50c direct to the Zonite Products Company, Postum Building, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Women's Division
ZONITE PRODUCTS COMPANY
Postum Building, 250 Park Ave.
New York, N. Y.
I should like to have a free copy of the illustrated booklet you have prepared. (V-42)

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

body ever saw Willet play football or chess or even ping-pong. Nobody ever saw him getting his fingers inky writing. Nobody ever saw him reading anything heavier than the daily paper. Does he study? Does he even think? I'll bet a dollar he doesn't. He just *is* and wears clothes and that's his excuse for existence. Which makes Willet the ideal collegeman. Everybody here hopes some day to be just like Willet."

Caria understood Hungry. He was not, like Rollie, a social inferior, admitting his level, but, like herself, a suppressed aristocrat.

"But don't you think," she ventured once, "that it's a good thing to belong to a fraternity—that is, in some ways?"

"Best thing in the world if you want to develop into a first-class snob—nothing like it."

But, confident that Hungry would yet suffice for her designs, she watched her hold on him tighten daily. In spite of his pretense at cynicism and indifference, she knew she was filling him with despairful longings. One week after the disappearance of Rollie they were practically engaged.

MEANWHILE his brutal suggestion that she didn't "know it all" had reshaped Caria's whole outlook. Her ego had writhed under the blow, but, after two dreadful days, she had begun to admit the existence of a world of superior wisdom and understanding. Humbly she placed herself under its tutelage.

In spite of the fashion-book her skirts shortened; her tight belts loosened; her openwork cotton stockings gave place to plain ones; her patent leather shoes resolved into others less shiny and less needlelike. The cherished baby-hat was cut down and made ruffleless, while the streamers were knotted in a rosette. The Elizabethan collar of her cheap broadcloth suit became a plain turndown. A professional tailor was employed to press the lumpy seams of her zouave jacket and to perform various surgical operations on the skirt.

The results were unmistakable.

In her German class a young gentleman with a large fraternity pin became almost open in his attentions. A young lady of a second-rate sorority grew suddenly confidential and invited her to lunch—*at the House.*

Caria remained aloof. She was not ready, and besides, she was after bigger game. The impossible had once more become possible and West Waunette and Willowoc were dropping into the realm of half-forgotten fantasies. Remained but one connecting link.

Willowoc's senior class had been composed of seven girls and one

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Few Ounces of Liquid Gas Heats Home for Hours

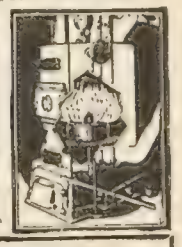
An amazing new way has been found to burn kerosene (coal oil) so that a small quantity will heat your home for hours. Already tried out in thousands of homes, including many in coldest Alaska and Canada.

30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

THIS wonderful invention has proved so satisfactory that it will be sent you for thirty days' trial in your own home—with the understanding that it costs you nothing if you do not find that it has hundreds of advantages over other heating methods.

Pat Schaefer, working in conjunction with the world's oldest and largest manufacturers of oil burners, has made a discovery that revolutionizes home heating. Now, in coldest zero weather by using this new "Aerified Liquid" you can heat your home for hours with a small quantity of kerosene. Without change to your present heater, cook stove or furnace you install this wonderful new burner in a few minutes and then at a turn of a valve you have any degree of heat desired for a mild fall or for 20 degrees below zero weather.

Models to Fit Any Stove, Range or Furnace.



No More Dirty Coal or Wood

How many times have you wished to be free forever from the dirt, soot, smoke and drudgery of dirty coal and wood? How many times have you stopped to realize that the danger of coal shortages and strikes might leave you during the severest winter weather and nothing to protect your family from colds, influenza and pneumonia.

FREE BOOK

Be prepared for the coming winter. Act now. Learn about the details of this wonderful invention and how you can use it on free trial. Simply write to the address below and you will be sent an interesting FREE BOOK without obligation. Act now!

OLIVER OIL BURNER CORPORATION
Dept. L-490
210 Chesnut St.
St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS

Spare time workers, half time workers, full time workers, write quick for details of this amazing fast seller. More than $250,000 commissions already paid out to agents. One man made more than $200 in one day. Free Territory, Cash Bonus, and Free Sample Case Offer. Send name and address to Pat Schaefer, President. Simply ask him for selling plan.

CORNS cause nerve agony

Remove them with care

Avoid infection and injury—don't use a knife, or anything but a *safe salve.*

Unlike "corn removers" mixed with collodion (acting only on the *top* of corn), Kohler One Night Corn Cure is compounded with oils that *penetrate* and soften the *entire* corn, loosening it so it is lifted out with fingers, the skin soon returning to normal.

For 35 years, druggists have sold and recommended the safe salve—

Kohler "ONE NIGHT CORN CURE"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-EIGHT]

Little Boy. The Little Boy had belonged to Caria and, believing him unique among his kind, she had studied him. What had been her surprise to find that the great university abounded in similar Little Boys.

Altogether Caria liked Little Boys. Her ambition, she decided, was to marry a Golden Little Boy, meek and serviceable, with perhaps a hundred thousand dollars in his own right. Such a one would be infinitely preferable to Willet Gamm, that dominant character who certainly was not a Little Boy at all.

Thus March passed lamblike into April and Caria's education continued.

II.

IT was a Sunday in early spring. The ice still clung to Mendota, but honeycombed and ready to break and disappear at the first stiff breeze. Meanwhile the air knew an invigorating chill; there were buds on the willows along the Drive; mandrakes showed their first green; and the roundabout robins flitted rosily. Caria and Hungry breathed the spring and, though unaware of it, rejoiced in their youth.

By Park Street a two-seater had passed them; black horses prancing; red wheel-spokes glistening; and the four young people on board rocking with laughter. The young man driving had been Willet Gamm, very much interested in the young lady by his side. At the sight a rage had swept Caria. It wasn't in the least an amorous fancy for Willet; it was simply a dumb fury at being "left out."

But before they quit University Avenue to cut across to the lake she was herself again. And as they strolled along the Drive toward the little Bridge and Picnic Point she began to consider ways and means for attaining her end.

"You know," she began suddenly, "all these growing things make me think of that poem you're so crazy about—that one where the hounds of spring are on winter's traces."

"Swinburne," Hungry laughed sardonically. "Yes, it's all right to pull that stuff if you're Swinburne. But suppose you should write that in this university—do you know what they'd call you? A poor nut, that's all."

"Oh, Hungry, you're so mistaken when you think that nobody here appreciates your work."

The bitter laugh was a better reply than any mere verbal come-back.

"But you are. Just the other day a girl in the Libe asked to see last year's Badger because she wanted to read those three poems of yours."

No invention, this: Caria was the girl.

"Prob'ly wanted to copy 'em and pass 'em off as her own."

Caria continued placidly. "No, I don't think so. They were awfully good: I read them myself. That 'Sunrise from Main Hall' is simply beautiful."

"Simply beautifully rotten," said the misanthrope by her side.

"No—really beautiful. I couldn't help memorizing that last stanza:

"'And then the dawn mist breaks and flees:
The sun points through the clouds and, lo,
Light shadows laugh among the trees—
Ghosts of the girls of long ago.'"

"M'm," said the poet after a pause, "no, that part there—that wasn't so rotten."

They walked on, Caria waiting, Hungry ruminant, or so it seemed. At the little bridge he faced about and, thrusting his hand to an inner breast pocket, said with a tremor, "Caria, do you want to hear a poem—a regular poem?"

She had won. Never before had Hungry offered to read her any of his verses.

"Oh, Hungry, I'd love to—love to."

AT this epoch Hungry had with some violence knocked Rudyard Kipling and Swinburne off their altars because he had discovered a new god. This arriving divinity was none other than Robert Browning and Hungry had celebrated his conversion by composing a poem in Mr. Browning's most monologuey and cryptic manner. It was an Aztec affair, full of—itls and—otls: a captive young gentleman on the sacrificial stone was exposing his philosophy of life with special reference to the young lady whose indiscretions had put him where he was.

Caria, who had never heard of Browning,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

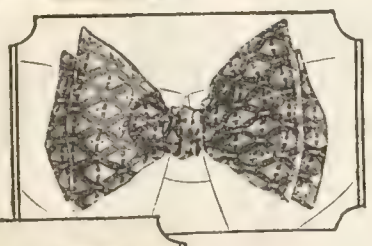
"Caria, let's end things right now—while we do care. Let's tip over this dam' canoe and go to the bottom."

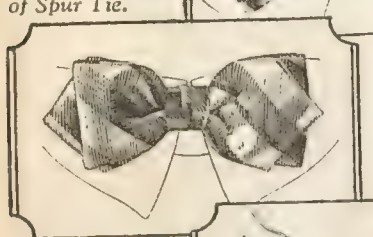
all tied for you Spur 50¢ and up Tie

Below, the H-shaped Innerform, the patented, pliable, exclusive form that will not let the Spur Tie roll, curl or wrinkle.

Right—see how smart the Spur Tie looks in the new fall style, larger, fluffier Square-End shape.

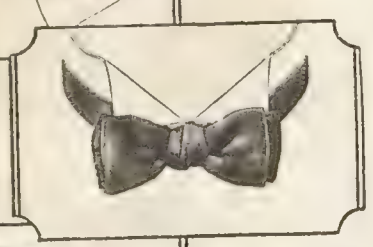
Right, the Butterfly Bow or bat-wing style of Spur Tie.





At left, the French-Pointed End style of Spur Tie.

At right, Spur Dress Tie, one dress tie that holds its shape. In black or white, with all-around band.



Left, the newest Spur Tie, the Band Bow—with the all-around silk band—fits any size, shape or style of collar. Tie is held in place by elastic insert under knot.

Correct as etiquette and a lot more pleasant

RUMPLED ties are out of date. Spur Ties stay the way you put them, as neat and correct as etiquette and a lot more pleasant. The H-shaped Innerform, patented, found only in the Spur Tie, keeps it the way you want it. Look for Spur Ties displayed on smart shop counters. Know them by the H-shaped Innerform in the wings, and the red Spur label on the back.

Write for "Can Do Winthrop," a short story of business, showing new Spur Ties for fall.

Hewes & Potter, Boston, Mass.
Pacific Coast Office
120 Battery St., San Francisco, Cal.
Makers of Bull Dog Belts, Suspenders and Garters—the guaranteed brand.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

and to whom history was merely a distasteful subject taught by Miss Grimm at the Willowoc High School, settled her features in the expression which, she felt, represented the Intelligent Curiosity Agreeably Rewarded and from the first line to the last admired Hungry with both her eyes.

Sixty seconds after the poem ended Caria had discovered a truth invaluable for all young ladies frequenting intellectual circles. She had demonstrated that an author will accept any sort of nonsense at face value provided that it be sufficiently complimentary. Under her approving words he leaned over the rail of the little bridge, wagging his head and calling attention to particularly forceful passages and peculiarly apt epithets.

Suddenly he straightened up. It was as though he were seeing Caria for the first time.

"Doggone it, Caria, you certainly look good today."

She did. Her dress was a cornflower blue foulard with a pin dot and almost severely plain. As a dress it was a complete success, and its sober simplicity made an excellent setting for the fresh, trim, pink and white Caria.

"I'm so glad you think so, Hungry. I like to look nice—for you: you've been so decent to me. . . . I wish I had more good friends like you, Hungry—I don't mean other men—I mean girl friends."

There was a pause and Caria waited, inwardly quivering.

Hungry spoke and the words she called up from the vasty deep became realities, pronounced and irrevocable.

"Caria, you—you ought not to be so alone. . . . you ought to be in a sorority."

"Why, *Hungry!* You *know* I'd never do anything you wouldn't approve of."

His forehead wrinkled. "Sure . . . sure. And if you were a fellow I'd say, 'Stay out.' But you're a girl—that's different. You haven't all the outside interests a fellow has. . . ."

Caria smiled deprecatingly. "They've never asked me yet."

Hungry waved his hand. "Don't make me laugh. If I start to get you in a sorority I'll get you in and right off the bat. And that's just what I'm going to do. I'll figure out a scheme tonight. Now take the Epsilons——"

III.

THE Campaign for Caria began with the Episode of the Lost Pocketbook and ended with the Contribution to Mrs. Penny's Fund for Bird Fountains.

The pocketbook (dollar bills and green paper, temporarily wrapped in borrowed twenties) was dropped at the corner of Lake and Langdon and, two minutes later, found by Hungry Hooper in the presence of witnesses. The legend propagated at once. Caria (and from her modest appearance who would have suspected it?) had five hundred dollars a month pocket money. She was an heiress.

The next day a diffident young man presented himself to Mrs. Penny, the friend of dumb animals and the principal alumna of Epsilon Epsilon Epsilon.

He brought to the Bird Fountain Fund a contribution of five dollars and a set of original verses designed to be placed upon begging postal cards.

"THE reason you don't get more," explained Mr. Hooper—for it was none other—"is that lots of people who would like to contribute have never heard about the Fountains. I was just talking yesterday with a girl from Up North; father's a lumberman. She was interested. But one reason she hadn't heard about the fund before was because she isn't in a sorority. She's got some kind of conscientious scruples about joining secret societies."

Mrs. Penny bridled. "Properly speaking, Mr. Hooper, a sorority, at least the Epsilon Epsilon Epsilon, which is the only one I really know, can hardly be called a secret society." Pause. "I should like very much, Mr. Hooper, to have that young girl's address. I should take great pleasure in explaining to her about the Fund."

Caria's answer to Mrs. Penny's note (Hungry spent four hours in its composition) was worthy of Machiavelli at his best. There was not a lie in it, but such was the magic of the words that it left a vision of ten thousand acres of virgin forest whose proprietor, a somewhat land-poor gentleman, had a daughter with conscientious scruples about secret societies.

The letter enclosed a check for ten dollars. With the exception of Hungry and Mrs. Penny's husband no other individual had contributed more than fifty cents.

Mrs. Penny read the letter while her lips came together in a straight line. Conscientious scruples indeed! She went to the telephone.

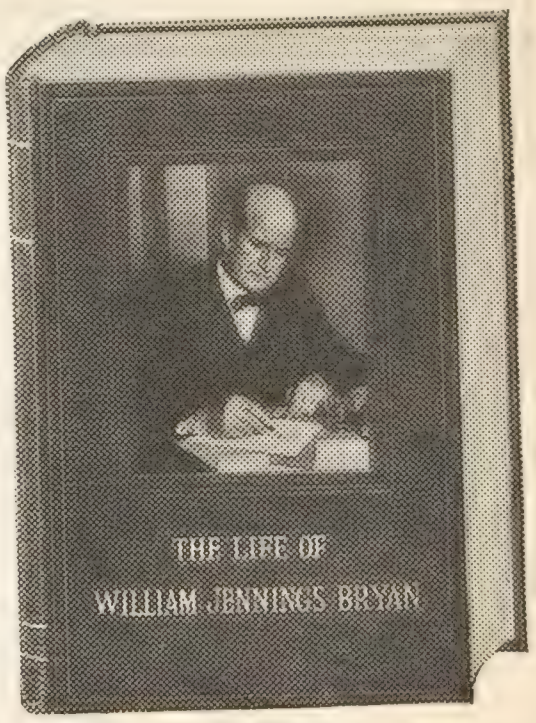
"The Epsilon House? I wish to speak to the chairman of the Rushing Committee."

Her voice was firm. She knew and the Epsilons knew also that it was grace only to Mrs. Penny's energy and business skill that the Epsilons had a roof over their heads.

"This is Mrs. Penny. I wonder if you could come over and see me. There is a girl in the Freshman class who seems to have been overlooked and who should be an Epsilon."

All of which goes to show that (1) in the soul of every poet there is a little press agent who died young, and (2) that, unfit as poets may be to manage their own lives,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY]

they often become wisdom itself when acting for others.

"Oh, Hungry, is that you?"

"Sure is."

"Well—it—it——"

"What?"

"It's happened."

"What's happened?"

"You know."

"Have they asked you?"

"I'm wearing the pledge-pin now. I'm going to be initiated next Friday—What did you say?"

"Nothing."

"And the night after I'm going to the Epsilon Formal—What did you say?"

"Nothing. . . . Listen, Caria, what are you doing tonight?"

"Oh, I'm so sorry—they want me to come over to the House tonight."

"How about tomorrow night?"

"Same thing."

"All right, then: I'll see you at Main Hall when you come out of your English class at nine-fifty."

"I can't, Hungry. There's two of them in that class and we always walk down the Hill together—What did you say?"

"_____"

"Why, H-u-ngry!"

Smash.

No telephone manners at all.

MENDOTA stretched about them, a chilly gray-green. Early spring and a little moon and puppy-love.

Hungry stopped paddling.

"Caria, you know what this means?"

"What what means?"

"This Epsilon business. It means that it's the—the end of us."

"You're simply ridiculous, Hungry. Why is it 'the end of us'?"

"Oh, what's the use of quibbling? You're in with this Epsilon push now and you'll stay in with them."

"That doesn't mean you can't call on me or that I won't ask you to all our parties."

"Yes, it does. I was a darned chump to get you into this. I knew I was cutting my own throat, and now I've done it."

"If you're going to be rude——"

Hungry reflected that already she was beginning to assume the airs of an aggrieved empress: she who with him had been merely a little girl. And who was still a little girl. . . . No. And not only had she grown up while his back was turned but she had been lifted to a higher degree in the social scale and she would take advantage of it. He might call on her, no doubt, but she wouldn't invite him to all the Epsilon dances—not by a large majority. His common sense told him that now was the time to turn the canoe around and go home and accept everything as gracefully as possible.

But what has common sense to do with a young man of twenty?

"Listen, Caria."

"Yes, Hungry."

"Let's get out now—while there's time—while we're young. I've got three thousand dollars left. It's insurance money that my father left. My uncle wants me to save as much of it as I can until I start in business. To the devil with business. To the devil with starving your way through this damned hole or any other. Let's get out."

"What do you mean?"

"I can get that money now. You know what I think about things. We'll go together to Paris—there's enough to live for a couple of years, anyhow. And after that, if we can't do anything else—we can always—finish."

SHE was silent. Desperately he tried his last resource.

"Caria—listen. You don't care about doing that. Then let's end everything right here. It seems to me—I've cared for you so—that all this has been—beautiful. To go on—for you to go on or for me would be to spoil all that's been. Growing old—growing so dead that you can't care, that you can't feel—vegetable—who wants to do that? Caria, let's end things right now—while we do care—both of us. Let's tip over this dam' canoe and go to the bottom."

He stretched his hands to the gunwales.

She neither moved nor screamed. He would have preferred it if she had done one or the other. She simply looked as though she were thinking; but he knew that she wasn't thinking and that her mind had been made up centuries and epochs before. She was not of the race that dies to get rid of an emotional disturbance.

"What you say is so beautiful, Hungry! Why don't you make it into a poem?"

Was it stupidity or callousness? Or was it simply a remark carefully calculated to knock the hifaluting romance out of him?

He decided on the latter and silently turned the canoe to paddle toward the university boathouse.

They walked home to a discussion of whether or not a foreign language was worth knowing.

As for Hungry Hooper, after the Epsilon Formal (to be duly related) he dropped out of Caria's life completely. She invited him to call; he didn't come. The slight commotions in Caria's heart grew fainter until at last they had quite disappeared. Within a month she had forgotten that Hungry had hoped to perish with her in a last remonstrance against the laws of social progress.

It was at this time that Hungry began to give out melody like a Swiss music box. He stopped mortuary monologues *a la* Browning and began composing a lot of amia-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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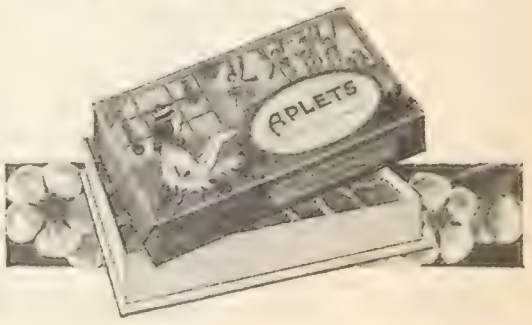

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-ONE]

ble, light-hearted things which afterwards became "Co-ed Lyrics." "Co-ed Beerics" somebody called them, because of their place of composition, which was Mr. Hammacher's self-styled "Temperance Hotel."

The volume is mentioned here because there figures in many of the lyrics a certain "Cynthia" whom lovers of literary research have fondly imagined to stand for—but of course that is merely a supposition. The "Lament for Cynthia," however, gives the theory a certain standing, as a misprint in the twenty-first line was responsible for frantic efforts on the part of Hungry to recall and burn the whole edition.

At any rate, Hungry graduated without ever writing the satire which he had planned and which was to have flayed the university's social system in general and Caria in particular, as thoroughly as ever Apollo flayed Marsyas.

IV.

SEVEN-THIRTY P. M. Night of the Epsilon Formal. The Lambda House.

Willet considered the end of his cigarette. "I wish I knew how to get out of it."

The Lambdas had dined, and now, like gorged boa constrictors, reposed about the common room in unexpected attitudes.

"My dope is to stay away—far, far away," observed Brother "Suds" Hyler, with a merry chord on the mandolin. "How about it, Chuck?"

Mr. "Chuck" Bagby, a Rho, had been invited to dine with the Lambdas. The Lambdas rather liked Mr. Bagby because, unique among his brethren, he was a Good Scout. All the Lambdas were Good Scouts.

Mr. Bagby shook his head, while his preter-naturally long and solemn face lengthened and saddened visibly. "I hate to get in wrong with the Epsilons," he said, "but I went to one of their formals once and got away alive, and I'm taking no more chances."

From his hearers rose a muttered but unanimous acquiescence.

In the spring each fraternity and each sorority gave a formal dance, an elaborate function demanding dress suits and carriages. The Epsilon Formals were notorious. In one night of supreme agony the sorority paid off all the disagreeable social debts piled up during the year. The invitees outnumbered their fair hostesses two to one. Fifteen minutes after the programs were issued not a dance remained. Diffident young gentlemen spent the entire evening ruining their health with cigarettes.

Mr. Bagby continued his lament. "The best you can get out of an Epsilon Formal isn't even a draw. Suppose you do cop a dance; it's where one of 'em grabs you and says, 'Oh, we've got the sweetest girl here tonight—you'll be crazy about her.' And then they lead you over to a tongue-tied ruin. After that you go back into the smoking room again and listen to the second cousin of one of the dear girls tell you good jokes about the agric profs."

Suds Hyler shook with appreciative mirth. "Listen, Willet—it's up to you. You're society's darling and one of nature's noblemen. Go on and give the poor girls a treat."

"Oh, that's your idea," said Willet, coldly.

"Sure it is." Suds accompanied his thoughts with a tinkling melody. "Me—I'm different; they'll be glad if I stay away. Just the same, I want to soften the blow. Willet, you do your duty like a little man and tell 'em I'm sick. One of Chuck's fraternity brothers is going to do the same for him. Anyhow, we couldn't make it tonight, because we've got to buck some mathematics—mechanics. How about it, Chuck?"

Mr. Bagby nodded a melancholy accord.

Willet roused himself. "You're on, Suds. I'll go and I'll tell 'em you're sick; but you've got to do something for me."

"I'm listening to you, Willet."

"I'll be blowing in late—ten o'clock—after all the dances are taken. Well, I'll hang around talking to the chaperons and at ten-thirty—now get this straight—ten-thirty—not a minute later—you telephone and ask for one of the Epsilons. When she answers you say that my father has dropped into town between trains and has got to see me right off. Get it?"

A GLOOMY nod from Mr. Bagby indicated his approval of the stratagem, while Suds Hyler waved the mandolin in the air.

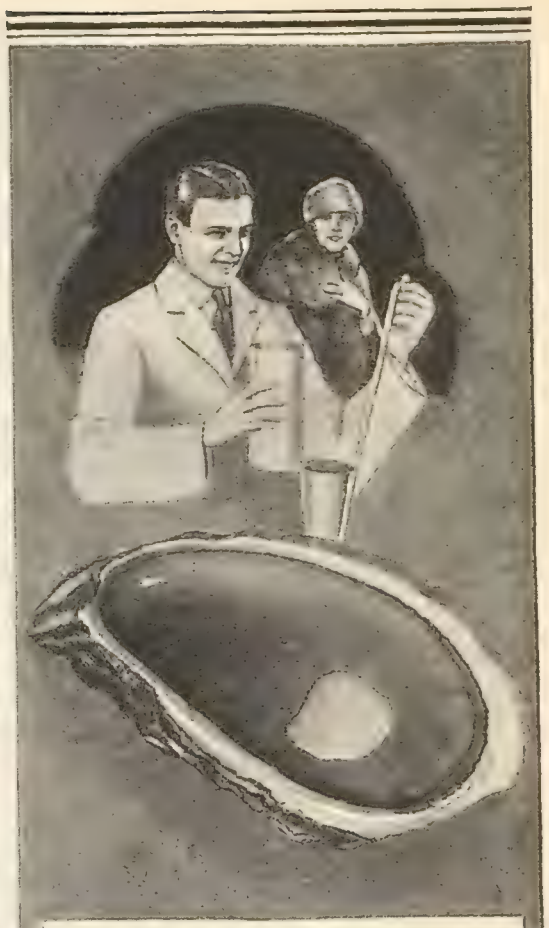
"Brothers forever, Willet, and our sentiments are unanimous. Tell 'em I'm sick. Smallpox. Neither of us gives a pejorative for an Epsilon Formal."

Two weeks before, "pejorative" had been used by a lecturer on Polish literature. The Lambdas had adopted this word with the curious enthusiasms of youth for anything which seems a little more useless than usual.

"Ten-thirty, now, Suds; and remember, you can't make it too strong. If I don't see the old man right off something may happen. And I'll fix things up for you."

They shook hands on the compact.

With her purpose accomplished and Hungry about to be cast into the discard, Caria now aspires to conquer Willet Gamm, the Beau Brummel of the university. She is to meet him at the Epsilon Formal. Will she make an impression or will he be politely unaware of her existence? Read next week's Liberty for the answer.



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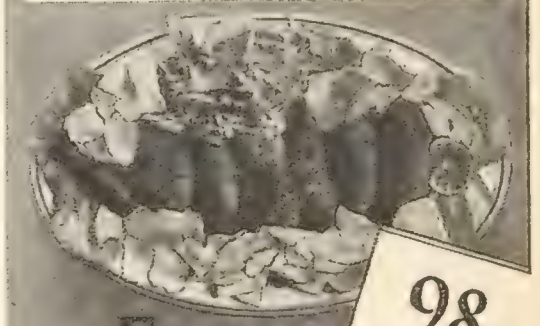

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Leaping Into Inky Space

A Pilot's Story of a 2,000-Foot Plunge from a Crippled Airplane in a Parachute, and at Night!

By Lieut. John A. Macready

Lieutenant Macready all dressed up for an altitude flight. His face is covered by an oxygen mask. The parachute is strapped on behind.

The AUTHOR who, much to his own surprise, lived to tell the tale.

HAVE you ever awakened with a start during the night, dreaming you were falling from a great height? Have you ever looked out of the Washington Monument or the Woolworth Building and imagined yourself jumping out into space?

I had sometimes let my imagination dwell, idly, on such a contingency, and tried to conjure up what my feelings would be. But there came a moment when I was actually forced to make the leap about which I had speculated. This is the story of how that jump was made.

Although routine flying, when rightly conducted, is now comparatively safe, the testing and development of new types of airplanes and equipment, under unusual conditions and excessive strain, is still dangerous. To lessen the perils in connection with this work, the Engineering Division of the Army Air Service has designed a parachute which has already paid, in lives saved, many times its cost of development.

It is because of this parachute that I am still living to tell one of my strangest and most fantastic experiences as an aviator.

On an evening in June, I was flying the night airways plane that was making trips from Dayton, Ohio, to Columbus, Ohio, and back.

When over the lights of Dayton's suburbs and at a few minutes after ten o'clock, the engine died. I turned on the emergency gasoline tank, losing some little time in the darkness, however, in finding the valve, which was located outside the cockpit. At the same time I turned the nose of my plane toward McCook Field, in Dayton, hoping to glide to this haven of safety. A few more valuable seconds were lost in looking for a flashlight to examine the valve.

In spite of my turning on the emergency tank, the engine did not start. After gliding for a short time, I saw that my downward soar would land me short of McCook Field. Without engine power I could not make it. One of this terminal's disadvantages is its location partly within the city limits, and my glide toward it had brought the plane much nearer the center of town.

This shows how the modern aviator carries the all-important parachute. He uses it as a seat cushion until he needs it as a life-saver.

I banked the gliding plane over in a turn and pointed the nose in the direction of the largest area without lights or signs of life. There was a large dark space in what I realized was the general direction of the Dayton Community Golf Club. I knew I might land there on a certain open spot, if the darkness could be penetrated for an instant to permit its discovery. I steered the plane in this direction.

While straining my eyes ahead through the blackness I was surprised to make out, dimly, that the propeller was not revolving. Ordinarily a propeller does not stop, as the rush of the air in a glide is sufficient to keep it turning for some time after the power of the engine is gone.

A standard practice of aviators, when an engine and propeller stop, through cold or other causes, is to dive the plane with a speed sufficient for the powerful current of air to set the blade revolving. This starts the mechanism, the combustive mixture is drawn into the cylinders, and the ignition system operates.

But I told myself that I would be a fool to dive a dead plane down over a city, losing altitude when I was not sure what the trouble was, or that the dive would start the engine.

In a normal glide, then, at an air speed of approximately seventy miles an hour, I continued my way in the general direction of the Community Golf Club course. My altitude was then about thirty-eight hundred feet.

Night flying planes are equipped with two parachute flares. When a flare is released it drops like a projectile for a short distance, the parachute then opens, the light-producing material is ignited and the lighted flare floats downward, emitting a brilliance sufficient to permit a flyer to observe the ground, though indistinctly.

When it seemed that the buildings below had thinned out considerably I pulled the handle supposed to release the first flare, then jerked it with all my strength, as no flare light appeared in my direction. I tried the second handle. Many seconds elapsed, during which I looked below, around, and on all sides, but I could see no sign of the friendly light.

From the direction of the city I judged that the plane was now over or approaching the country beyond "Hills and Dales." True to its name, the vicinity was rough, hilly, and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-THREE]

much forested, with no fields on which a plane could safely come to earth, even in daylight. I knew there was no chance of landing without serious injury or possible death.

At about two thousand feet I began final preparations for leaving the plane. I rose in the cockpit to test my ability to control the plane while standing and lifted one leg over the side.

I found that my parachute, on which I had been sitting, caught on the back of the seat when I tried to get the other leg over. It was necessary to go back to a sitting position within the plane. On my second attempt to get out I lifted my left leg over the side of the fuselage, then released my hold on the control stick, and with both hands lifted the parachute over, before I could get my right leg over the cockpit.

Immediately the nose-heavy plane plunged downward in a dive. I was flung violently on to the wing, grabbing blindly for the wires. I found them and there I clung, crooking my arm about them. While standing there in the sweeping blast of the wind I reached within the cockpit for the control stick in order to pull up the nose and lessen the terrific speed of the dive.

WHEN the speed of a plane is comparatively slow one has a much better chance of jumping with safety. This slow or stalling speed is obtained by pulling the control stick well back and putting the plane in a climbing position. I quickly gave one strong, heavy jerk, but the opposing force was too great, the response was slow, and the ground seemed rushing toward me as the plane plunged downward. How close it was I do not know, but feared the plane and I might crash into it at any instant, with but one result—death.

Realizing that haste was now necessary, after my unsuccessful jerk at the control stick, I quickly reached for the release ring which, when pulled, zips open the pack that contains the parachute. I intended to give this ring a tug and throw open my parachute while still on the wing. But I realized that, if this were done, the parachute would probably become entangled in the wing surface and cause disaster. A brave pilot of the air mail service later met death in this way when his engine failed while flying through a blinding storm at night.

There were no two ways about it. I must step off and open the parachute while in the air. After feeling the harness to get the position of the ring, I suddenly let go of the wires.

My mental state for the next few seconds was utter confusion. I had a blurred impression of the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

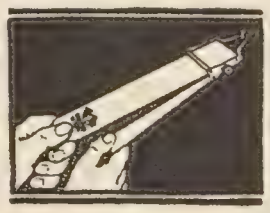
At Last!

A perfect shave with your safety razor

Strop your blades with the James Stropper and enjoy the smoothest, cleanest and most satisfying shave you have ever had.

The reason why everybody does not use safety razors is the fact that many men have such tender skins and such tough beards that the average safety razor blade cannot give a close shave without pulling. Another reason is the inconvenience of running out of blades and having to make the "best of it" with on old one.

Now the James Stropper solves the problem. This clever invention actually "whips" the blade along the original bevel from edge to edge just like an expert barber. Men who have never been able to use safety razors are now getting the cleanest and smoothest shaves of their lives by stropping their blades before using. They never "run out" of blades because the same blade can be used for months. The James Stropper pays for itself several times over in the saving of blades, but most of all it puts on a keen polished cutting edge that is lacking even in new blades. It means smooth shaves, close shaves and plenty of them.



There are James Strop-pers for Gillette, Gem, Ever-Ready, Durham-Duplex, Autostrop and Enders types of safety razors.

Simple to operate. Just a few pulls and the job is done. Six or seven full strokes put a keen edge on your blades.

No skill is needed. It works automatically and it cannot get out of order. Just a few pulls on the strop and the job is done. This new invention is the one thing needed to make the safety razor perfect—the greatest improvement for shaving comfort since the invention of safety razors.

If you want real shaving comfort and convenience, get a James Stropper today. It is sold at all drug and hardware stores where you buy your safety razor blades. Every stropper is guaranteed. If you are not perfectly satisfied, if you don't get the keenest shaving edge on your blade—keener and smoother than any blade you have ever used before—return it to your dealer after 15 days' trial and get your money back.

If your dealer cannot supply you mail the coupon with $2.00 and give your dealer's name.

There is a James Stropper for every type of safety razor blade. Be sure to specify the kind of razor you use.

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Enclosed find $2 for James Stropper. If I am not satisfied after 15 days' trial I will return it and get my money back.

Name.....

Address.....

I use a.....razor

FREE

For 15 days. Money refunded if not satisfied. Guarantee protects you.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-FOUR]

mass of lifeless wings, wood, and engine plunging downward in the darkness—an impression more of the sudden termination of swishing, whistling noises and the muscular effort of holding the wires against the powerful blast of air rather than seeing the plane disappear into the blackness.

From the rapid whirling of the lights of the city from above me to below me, I knew I was somersaulting through the air.

I counted two seconds—they were quickly counted seconds, you can bet—and pulled the ring. Nothing happened for a seemingly interminable period of time, though in reality probably but a few seconds passed. My head was toward the ground when the jerk of the opening parachute finally came, as bruised shoulders later testified. Normally the jerk would be on the legs.

AS soon as the parachute opened out I heard the almost immediate crash of the falling plane, as the heavy engine buried itself in the earth. There was an explosion and burst of flames and I could see the burning De Haviland for a second or two with the blazing flames of gasoline high in the air lighting up the surrounding country like a flash of lightning.

All was stillness again, and I began to yell as loudly as I could. I expected to be injured in landing and wished assistance if hurt. It flashed through my mind that I might come down in some small forest or isolated spot and lie alone and helpless for a time.

"Hello, down there! Hello, below!" I called, peering down into the blackness, but seeing nothing. Suddenly a startled answering voice cried out, "Where are you?" it said. "Up here in a parachute," I answered.

I thought, at the time, what an unexpected answer this must have been. Air travel is so new that we think in all directions except "up," especially at night.

And I floated downward in the peaceful stillness, straining my eyes in a vain attempt to see what I might land on, in order that I might make some hurried plans.

I came crashing into some trees, grabbing and breaking off the branches as I went through, hoping to grip one strong enough to hold my weight. I was dreading a hard impact, when my feet should hit the ground, and was all set to receive it. But, instead, I was slammed against the side of a steep embankment, seized a root and clung on, the parachute catching in the branches of the trees above me. The ravine was over ninety feet deep. I was left hanging against one of its banks, holding to the root.

Later I found I had landed on the estate of Mr. C. E. Ainsworth. The Ainsworths had been having a dinner party that evening. Mr. and Mrs. Ed Wuichet were sitting with their host and hostess on the lawn in the darkness. The two gentlemen were peacefully smoking their after-dinner cigars, and the group was calmly discussing the events of the day. Suddenly their peace had been shattered.

The first shock came when Mr. Wuichet stood up and said, "Look at that meteor!" They jumped to their feet and saw a huge light at a low altitude drifting across the heavens. It was one of the parachute flares which I had not seen but which had lighted just above the ground. They watched it and wondered.

About one minute passed, then came a terrific crash and flash in another direction. The abandoned plane had struck the ground and exploded, brilliantly lighting up the sky for an instant.

The climax came when a strange human voice—apparently a spirit—began calling down to them from the black heavens. Mr. Wuichet confessed to me later that there were two or three minutes, on this eventful night, when he thought the world might be coming to an end!

The two men came crashing through the brush and trees to the top of the embankment and called down to find out if I was injured.

I answered, "Everything O. K." Then they helped me climb up to the small surprised group of anxious people who had joined them.

My first and most pressing concern was to make sure no one had been injured in the fall of my plane. I went immediately to the telephone, reported my safety to the McCook Field Guard, telephoned my wife, and then started out in Mr. Wuichet's automobile to search for the wreck.

Finally a glow was seen in the sky, and on driving in this direction the wrecked plane was found near a small ravine in a rolling wheat field. It was only about two hundred feet from the Lebanon Pike—a well-traveled highway.

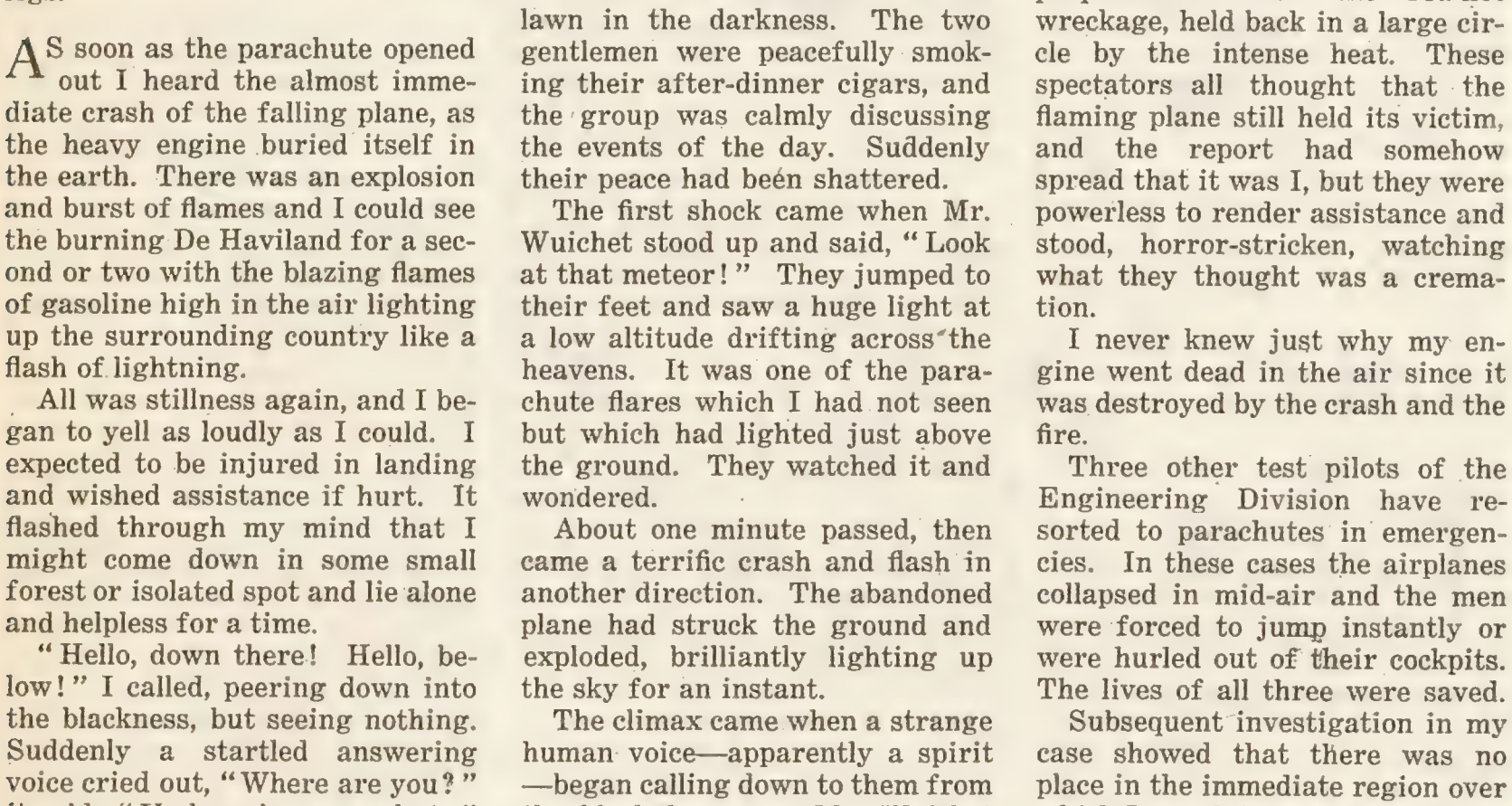
THE airplane was still blazing. A crowd of several hundred people surrounded the red-hot wreckage, held back in a large circle by the intense heat. These spectators all thought that the flaming plane still held its victim, and the report had somehow spread that it was I, but they were powerless to render assistance and stood, horror-stricken, watching what they thought was a cremation.

I never knew just why my engine went dead in the air since it was destroyed by the crash and the fire.

Three other test pilots of the Engineering Division have resorted to parachutes in emergencies. In these cases the airplanes collapsed in mid-air and the men were forced to jump instantly or were hurled out of their cockpits. The lives of all three were saved.

Subsequent investigation in my case showed that there was no place in the immediate region over which I was flying where a landing could have been made, even in daylight, without crashing the plane. Undoubtedly I would have been seriously injured or killed had I not taken my chance with the parachute.

THE END



What was left of the big De Haviland after Lieutenant Macready abandoned it for the comparative safety of the parachute. The plane plunged two thousand feet to earth and then burned.

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LOUDSPEAKER VALUES

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IT is really funny how a man's humor in the morning depends on the kind of shave he gets. If the blade in his razor is dull he is grouchy all day and his appearance is anything but attractive. If his blade is like new he can't help feeling the way he looks—happy, bright, crisp and fresh. It's only natural. Every day more people are learning how to save old blades and make them good for 300 perfect shaves each. This means that every day more people are made happy through a clever invention of Robert H. Ingersoll, of watch fame, who recently got a patent on the

Ingersoll Dollar Stropper

a device which strops any make of razor blade and makes it equal to new. It is based on a scientific principle which automatically holds the blade at the correct angle necessary to produce the best cutting edge. Will last a lifetime and is so simple that a child can use it. Don't be grouchy any more—send a dollar and the filled out coupon below for a ten-day free trial.

WANTED

This clever invention is meeting with nation-wide approval—in fact, it is sweeping the country. We want good men to present it to the millions of men who are just waiting for it. No experience required. Sells at sight. Write for agents' terms.

Robt. H. Ingersoll, Pres. New Era Mfg. Co.
Dept. A-539, 476 Broadway, New York City.

I enclose $1 for which please send me the Ingersoll Dollar Stropper complete, including the Ingersoll Specially Prepared Leather Strop. It is understood that I can return the Stropper in 10 days if not satisfied, and that you will return my dollar.

Name.....

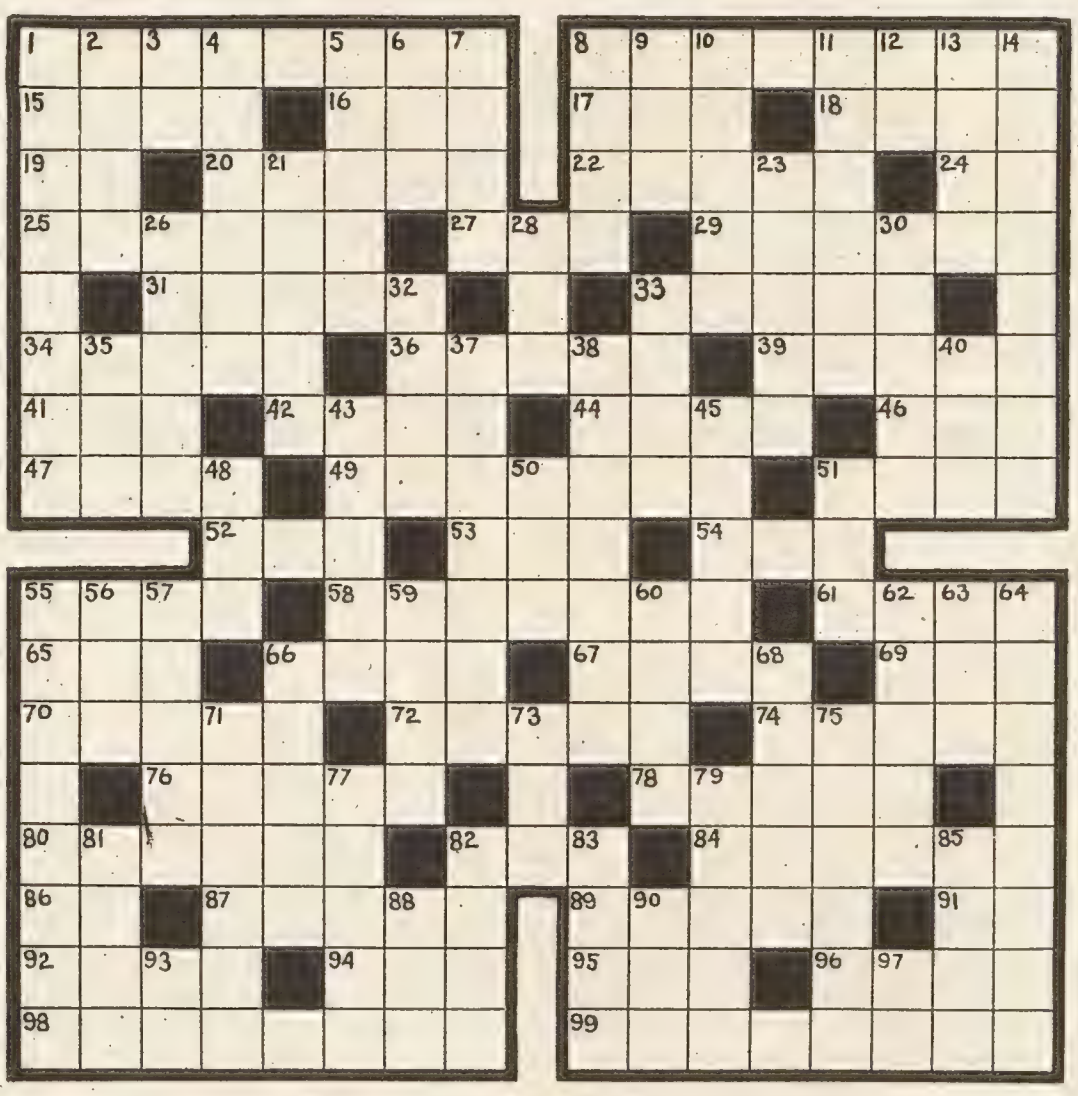
Address.....

Make of Razor Used.....

☐ If interested in agents' proposition, check here.

Liberty's Cross-Word Puzzle
No. 40

YOU ought to be able to guess Number 86 Horizontal in a jiffy. Hawkeye is as familiar a nickname for a State as Empire or Keystone or Hoosier. But wait until we give you a puzzle with some of the more unusual State sobriquets as definitions. For instance, there is The Dark and Bloody Ground, Stub Toe, Hog-and-Hominy, and Baby. Would you recognize your own State with such an alias?

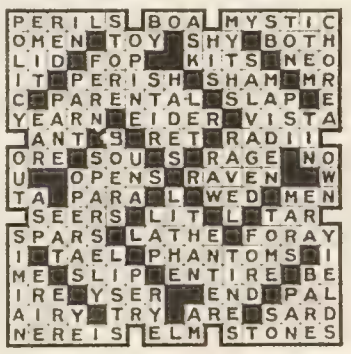


HORIZONTAL

1 Decreed
8 Indignities
15 Portion of a plant body
16 Pronoun
17 A thing of no account
18 A game at billiards
19 Pass from one spot to another
20 Concise
22 Any occupation or employment pursued as a calling
24 That is
25 Vipers
27 Female of a ruminant mammal
29 Blend
31 A willow
33 Device for transmitting and modifying force and motion
34 Incensed
36 The choice or select part
39 Efface
41 Perch
42 Showing normal mental health
44 Coins of East India
46 Vehicle
47 Playthings
49 Stable keeper or hostler
51 Prepares, as grass, for drying
52 Masticate and swallow
53 Liquid measure (abbr.)
54 A god of war and pestilence (Babylonian myth.)
55 To love to excess
58 Learned
61 One who converts something to his service
65 Perception of sound
66 Indian of an Algonquian tribe
67 Gaelic
69 Prefix denoting priority
70 Babble
72 Away
74 To hinder from normal development
76 Skeleton of various sea animals
78 One who carries
80 Divisions of a drama
82 Existed
84 Wise counsellor
86 The Hawkeye State (abbr.)
87 Exit
89 Rows one above another
91 Inside
92 One of the gaits of a quadruped
94 Suffix indicating native, inhabitant, etc., of a place
95 Vessel
96 To lessen pressure or tension by slackening
98 Accented
99 Forsaken

VERTICAL

1 Performer on a particular wind instrument
2 Crucifix
3 To perform
4 Witness
5 Pertaining to ancient Scandinavia
6 Printers' measures
7 That which is done
8 Stake in the game of poker
9 A tree
10 State of blazing combustion
11 That which makes access to a container possible
12 Negative
13 Ardent effort
14 Railroad ties
21 Members of a certain tribe of American Indians
23 Plunges
26 Discolored by partial decay; said of timbers
28 Part of a Japanese costume
30 Easy and natural elegance
32 Hire
33 Smooth; said of some consonants
35 The Spanish word for river
37 Confederacies
38 Scored
40 Gloomy
43 A flower
45 A sign of the zodiac
48 Discern
50 Boy
51 A letter of the Greek alphabet
55 Puts
56 A propeller
57 Part of a harness
59 Genuine
60 An allowance for waste in shipping
62 Increased exertion for a short time
63 Predatory bird
64 Restored
66 Goddess of growing vegetation
68 Compound ether
71 An explosive used for blasting
73 Feminine proper name
75 More rigid
77 Equine quadrupeds
79 Portentous signs
81 Vehicle
82 Useless or injurious plant
83 Button-like device
85 A river in France
88 Adapt to some employment
90 Anger
93 A conjunction
97 To



PERILS BOA MYSTIC
OMEN TOY SHY BOTH
LID FOP KITS NEO
IT PERISH SHAM MR
C PARENTAL SLAP E
YEARN EIDER VISTA
ANTS RET RADII
ORE SOU S RAGE NO
U OPENS RAVEN W
TA PARA L WED MEN
SEERS LIT L TAR
SPARS LATHE FORAY
I TAEL PHANTOMS I
ME SLIP ENTIRE BE
IRE YSER END PAL
AIRY TRY ARE SARD
NEREIS ELM STONES

Answer to Puzzle No. 39

"I'm Too Fat"
That's folly nowadays

Look about you. Note how slenderness prevails. Excess fat is not one-tenth so common as it was.

Ask those slender people why. Some will say, "I starved and exercised." More will say, "I took Marmola Prescription Tablets and they brought my weight down at once."

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has your face a better side?

Alexandra Grey, after a talk with Harrison Fisher, famous artist, tells why professional beauties favor certain poses and suggests that any woman may be beautiful.

In Next Week's

5c Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

At All Newsstands

Do You Remember The Good Old Days When—

WELL, *for instance, the early days of the Triangle Film Company, when a new bad man called Bill Hart was getting his start and a shy little creature in short dresses by the name of Bessie Love (above) was his leading lady in a piece called Hell's Kitchen? Bessie's a grown girl now and one of the screen's most charming actresses.*

THEN *there was Louise Lorraine (above), who first shook a curl or two in some of Universal's two-reel Western pictures, concerning themselves with sheriffs and cowboys and cows. Behold her now as one of Universal's stars.*

THE GRETCHEN GIRL *they sometimes call Esther Ralston (left), and one look at her gorgeous blonde tresses will tell you why. Esther is one of the newer, younger cinema actresses.*

Captions by
Richard Halliday

Photos by
Edwin Bower Hesser

A Page of Movie Reviews

Charlie Chaplin and Mack Swain in *The Gold Rush.*

Mary Philbin and Norman Kerry in *The Phantom of the Opera.*

Mary Pickford in a scene *from Little Annie Rooney.*

BY
RICHARD HALLIDAY

THE GOLD RUSH

Directed by Charlie Chaplin United Artists Picture

THE CAST:

The Lone Prospector.....*Charlie Chaplin*
Big Jim McKay.....*Mack Swain*
Black Larsen.....*Tom Murray*
The Girl.....*Georgia Hale*
Jack Cameron.....*Malcolm Waite*
Hank Curtis.....*Henry Bergman*

HASN'T a friend ever come to you and said:

"I want you to meet Corey Ford—or whatever his name happens to be. You'll like him—he's a great boy. You ought to hear him tell a joke. Honest, he'll have you laughing your head off before you sit down."

And so the friend goes on to tell why you should like Corey until you decide to dedicate your life to avoiding him. Nine times out of ten it happens you don't see a thing in the promised prodigy.

That is the way I felt when I went to see Charlie Chaplin in The Gold Rush. I wasn't so sure I wanted to see the picture. I was afraid. In the past ten or twelve months there have been numerous articles, pictures, and interviews about Charlie Chaplin and his latest picture. They frankly had it that nothing like The Gold Rush had ever been seen. It was the greatest film ever produced. With becoming modesty I dare to say they have been a little overenthusiastic. But you'll like it. It is Chaplin. He is still peerless in his field.

There are not as many laughs as usual. Instead Chaplin has put drama in its place, a difficult thing to do. The picture is worth seeing if only to watch the Oceana Roll. He is still the master at pantomime. Perhaps you have never taken any particular interest in rolls, except as something to eat. Chaplin brings two rolls to life. He makes them dance—and you are thrilled. Only Chaplin could do it.

And did you happen to see The Salvation Hunters? If you remember, it was a flop. But two good actors were in it, and one of them plays the part of Georgia in The Gold Rush. Her name is Georgia Hale. All the sub-titles ever say about her is—Georgia. That is enough. She does not lose stature in the shadow of genius.

Of course you have already decided to see this picture. So don't let bridge games, dinner dates, dances, or even a good book interfere, because you cannot afford to miss a picture written, directed, and acted by a great man. It's Chaplin.

The PHANTOM *of the* OPERA

Directed by Rupert Julian Universal Picture

THE CAST:

The Phantom (Erick).....*Lon Chaney*
Christine Daae.....*Mary Philbin*
Raoul De Chagny.....*Norman Kerry*
Florine Papillon.....*Snitz Edwards*
Carlotta.....*Virginia Pearson*
The Persian.....*Arthur Edmund Carewe*
Faust.....*Edward Cecil*
Mephistopheles.....*Alexander Bevani*

THERE is, in The Phantom of the Opera, the most thrilling scene I have ever witnessed on the screen. I felt like a small boy in a dark room, surrounded by imagined terrors, when half way through the picture Lon Chaney's face was shown for the first time. It startles you—this first glance at his almost too real make-up.

It was more thrilling to me than any scene of a burning ship, a battle, a mob, or daring rescue. This, his new make-up, is a finer piece of craftsmanship than anything he has attempted. It is a repulsive and gruesome face, but hideous as he appears, he is able to get sympathy for the part.

When Carl Laemmle produced The Hunchback of Notre Dame he won praise by building half a cathedral. This time he has attempted a larger task. He has constructed a duplicate of the Paris Opera House. We are told it is ten stories high; five cellers have been built underneath; the chandelier, which crashes to the ground, killing hundreds of people in the audience, weighs forty thousand pounds.

Most of the action of the picture takes place back of the stage of the Opera House and in the property rooms. There are trap doors, sliding walls, and passageways filled with water. The effect is fantastic.

Mary Philbin is a sweet and appealing heroine. Norman Kerry as her sweetheart is striking in his military uniform.

If you have to return alone to an isolated country house it would not be wise to see this picture. But if you want to be really thrilled and forget everything for two hours, there is nothing like it.

NEXT WEEK: *Sun Up*, by Metro-Goldwyn; *Siegfried*, a UFA production, and *The Merry Widow*, by Metro-Goldwyn.

LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY

Directed by W. Beaudine United Artists Picture

THE CAST:

Little Annie Rooney.....*Mary Pickford*
Joe Kelley.....*William Haines*
Officer Rooney.....*Walter James*
Tim Rooney.....*Gordon Griffith*
Tony.....*Carlo Schipa*
Abie.....*Spec O'Donnell*

THERE is a story in connection with Little Annie Rooney. Some years ago a young man was doing odd jobs around a moving picture studio. He was one of Mary Pickford's admirers, which was not the common thing it is today, she being quite obscure then.

"Some day I hope to direct you in a big picture," he said.

After many years William Beaudine's dream came true. He is now Mary Pickford's director.

It has been more than a year since she made a picture; and it seems like years and years since she appeared in one like Little Annie Rooney. I've missed her, haven't you?

I thought her prettier and cleverer than ever, but maybe that's because I haven't seen her for such a long time.

She gives an all-satisfying performance as Little Annie Rooney. Her supporting cast is excellent. In it two actors stand out. Carlo Schipa, with his forceful screen personality, gives us a finely convincing interpretation of the part of Tony, the villain. Spec O'Donnell, as Abie, is a new type of child actor. With what seems no effort, he makes you laugh and cry. If Mary Pickford had not been in the picture he would have run away with it.

I shouldn't want to spoil your enjoyment of the picture by telling you the plot, but I can say that Miss Pickford, as the ragamuffin, Little Annie Rooney, upholds the reputation of the Rooneys.

The story is an original one written by Katherine Hennessey, and adapted to the diminutive star by Hope Loring and Louis Leighton.

Both Mary Pickford and her husband have produced spectacular films recently. But so many people can put on golden robes and look beautiful. However, there is no one who can play a child as Mary Pickford does. And no one can play a dashing adventurer like Douglas Fairbanks. So they have both returned, this year, in pictures that only they can do.

There can't be better news than that.

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Welcome the sunny cheerfulness of this friendly furniture into every room in your home. The enthusiastic reception of Kaltex in living rooms and libraries—and in guest rooms and bedrooms as well—has been a natural development of fashion, induced by elegance of design and workmanship, and long recognized by people of excellent taste. Kaltex is socially correct.

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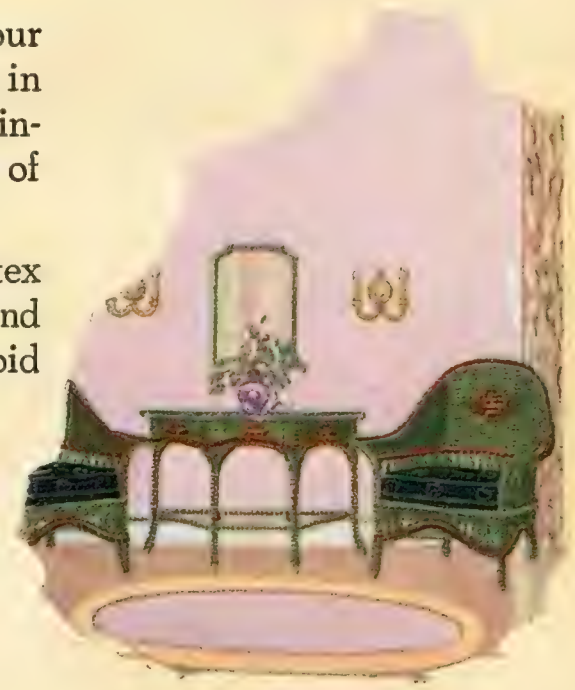

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Kaltex FURNITURE JACKSON, MICHIGAN

"With a heart of steel"

The cop was staring around intently in the half-light. He was close, too. It was up to the Kid to move, and in a hurry.

The Kid

A Breathless Chronicle of a Bad Man's Crowded Hour

By

Will F. Jenkins

Pictures by H. Winfield Scott

I.

A COP walked home with Hunky Mike. We'll put it flatly just like that, because that was the way it happened. It isn't a good beginning for a story, but this isn't really a story. There's no definite beginning, there wasn't any clear middle, and the ending hasn't happened yet. That first sentence up there is just a start.

A cop walked home . . . . How can you start to tell about the Kid? Tell his police court record or how he took care of his younger brother Stevie? There are so many beginnings. Little Sophie Bladotsky got tired of mothering her cat and went out to play on the fire escape of Minna Yettnavitch. Miss Elise McCann was down on her knees in the Church of St. Aloysius of Tours, praying as well as she could for the sobs that were choking her. A drunk was pinched on the corner of Halstead Street and Polk Avenue. The Kid crushed out a cigarette with bloodless fingers and sat inspecting his nails while he waited patiently. His younger brother Stevie laughed when a turnkey told him he was booked for the chair.

And a cop walked home with Hunky Mike.

It just has to be started that way. Let it go at that.

Hunky Mike had been to Headquarters and he needed company. It was his evidence that was going to send Stevie to the chair. The cop knew it, and Hunky Mike knew it, and the whole of Halstead Street knew it. And both the cop and Halstead Street suspected that his evidence was based more on hatred of Stevie's brother—the Kid—than on what he knew about the shooting Stevie was to be tried for.

That was the reason, you see, for the cop. The cop might suspect that Hunky Mike was going to try to swear Stevie's life away, but he couldn't do anything about it. But Halstead Street could. Or the Kid might. He felt that he had to look after Stevie, you know, because Stevie was only nineteen, while the Kid was a mature twenty-two. Therefore Hunky Mike needed police protection.

He was getting it. He had a gat and a permit to carry it and he swaggered along the narrow

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-ONE]

sidewalk with the cop close by his elbow. Halstead Street is not a fashionable promenade. It was close to dusk now and the pushcart peddlers who would presently line the curb were already beginning to appear. The occasional early sale was being made to the usual amount of arm-waving and argument.

Hunky Mike nodded grandly to a pushcart man. The pushcart man stared at him and muttered in his beard. Hunky Mike laughed, but his eyes glinted unpleasantly. And then he spoke to an old woman and she cursed him shrilly and hurried away from the contamination of his glance.

Hunky Mike laughed again, but this time he was uneasy.

The cop paused, twirling his stick before the doorway of the tenement.

"Want me to go up with you?" he asked none too cordially.

"Nah!" said Hunky Mike with a sudden snarl. "T'hell with 'em. I c'n take care of m'self!"

The cop swung his stick and strolled away. Hunky Mike lingered in the doorway for an instant. He had shrunk a little when the cop left him and he was not a particularly imposing figure at best. Some say he started toward the cop's broad back as if to call him and ask him to go upstairs. But the cop turned around and surveyed him blandly. Hunky Mike drew back. He snarled at the world and went in the door.

He climbed the stairs. They grew grimier and more murky as he ascended. The halls grew more and more dark and better and better hiding-places for anybody who might—well—might feel an elder brother's interest in Stevie and want to re-establish his alibi by destroying the evidence against it. Which was Hunky Mike.

By the time he had reached the top floor, there was no question but that Hunky Mike was scared. His breath was making little whimpering noises as it came and went. And those whimperings had desperate little snarls in them, too. Like the noises a rat might make if it sensed an altogether overwhelming danger from which it could not possibly escape.

His key clattered as he tried to open his own door. His furtive little rat-eyes flashed to right and left. Nothing. But there were doorways. Somebody might be hiding in any one of them. With a sob of pure panic he flung open his own door and darted within, slamming it shut behind him.

AND then the breath went out of him in a wheezing gasp. Because the Kid was sitting astride of a chair in Hunky Mike's room, and a little trail of gray cigarette smoke was rising unhurriedly from his lips, and his very pale and pinched features were curiously intent. His fingers held a revolver that seemed very heavy for such slender hands. And the revolver was pointed unwaveringly at Hunky Mike's heart.

Hunky Mike was quick. He managed to fire once—only once—before the Kid's gat went off with a totally inadequate report. But Hunky Mike's gun bellowed deafeningly in the confined space and though it missed the Kid clean, it had begun to have its effect even before Hunky Mike collapsed to the floor. Really, it started everything.

The Kid pumped the rest of his bullets into the prostrate figure. It wasn't necessary, but the Kid was taking no chances. His younger brother Stevie, you know, was due for the chair if Hunky Mike lived to give false evidence against him.

And then the Kid went quickly to the door and slipped out into the hall. All of Halstead Street knew by now just exactly what had happened. Hunky Mike's shot had told, and all of Halstead Street would approve. But there was one cop below and there were plenty more within call.

The Kid heard the tail-end of a police whistle's shrilling. He heard another one answer. He couldn't go out the downstairs door now. He plunged swiftly for the roof. Nobody looked out to see who he was. Everybody that had heard the shooting was anxious not to know who was concerned. The Kid made the roof without an instant's bother, reloading as he went.

IT was beginning to grow dark up there among the chimneys and clothes lines. That was a matter for rejoicing. But first the Kid peered down into the street. Two cops were racing up in answer to the police whistle call, and the one who had walked home with Hunky Mike was yelling directions to them. The Kid tightened his lips. Luck was breaking badly, but he went swiftly across the roofs to get away as far as possible before he tried to make the street and the crowds.

Presently he came to an alley he could not jump. He leaned over, hoping for a fire escape he could drop to. A cop yelled from below and his whistle squealed frantically. The Kid jerked back his head and swore in a soft, even voice. He turned and went back, hurdled a dozen boundary copings and came to another blank he couldn't cross. He didn't waste time swearing now. He turned—and a police figure was outlined against the sky on the roof on which he had first emerged.

The trouble was, of course, that the cop who had walked home with Hunky Mike knew just as well as the rest of Halstead Street what the shot in Hunky Mike's room had meant. If he was unpopular enough to need police protection, anybody could figure out what had happened.

The Kid crouched behind a chimney, his face a mask while he worked his brains. If he could once reach a crowd of people he would have a chance. There is an art in losing one's self in a crowd which the Kid had been forced to learn, but it is no trick at all when the crowd is half friendly. And the Halstead Street crowd would be that. Most people liked Stevie, and everybody knew Hunky Mike was framing him.

The Kid saw a trapdoor in a roof, but the cop was staring around intently in the half-light. He was close, too. It was up to the Kid to move, and in a hurry.

He saw a chance. He couldn't make the trapdoor unobserved, but there was a skylight not far off in direct line between him and the cop. The Kid watched his chance and darted behind it, where it sheltered him from the cop's eyes. Lots of tenements, you know, have a room or two on the top floor that rent for more money with a skylight instead of darkness.

The Kid figured this for the light to such a room. He set to work to pry loose one of the panes of wire-glass. He worked quietly but in desperate haste. He'd been seen on the roof, you know.

The pane came loose—and dropped on the roof gravel with a crash. The Kid knew that was a giveaway and he slung his feet in the opening and dropped. And it didn't take him a heartbeat to know he'd made a mistake. This wasn't a skylight room. It was a hall just like the lower floors, and there was a shaft and a drop of four stories under him.

In the flash it took him to know what had happened he went icy cold all over. Then something crashed against his ankle and he clawed at a banister rail as it slid up his body. He hung on with hands and nails, sweat pouring out all over him as he fought to stop his fall.

He did. Both arms were wrenched nearly loose from his shoulders, but then he hung

HE came out openly. Slap into the cordon of cops. His hands handcuffed but holding a service revolver, he came out shooting.

halfway across the landing rail that had stopped him. He fell in a heap on the top flight of the steps. And in the moment of silence that followed, the crunching of the cop's feet as he ran toward the skylight was startlingly loud.

II.

THE Kid scrambled up and raced for his gun. It was on the top landing and closer to the cop, but the Kid wasn't leaving a gat behind. His fingers closed on it as the gray square of the roof opening was darkened by the cop's shadow. The Kid fired up through the glass. That would hold that guy a while.

Then he began to race for the street. There was bedlam down there now. A patrol had been only a couple of blocks away, picking up a drunk. It came clanging madly. Then there was a put-put-ing that could only mean a motor bike man on the job.

One flight down; two flights. There was a thudding on the top landing. A nervy cop, that one. He'd plunged in after the Kid. He came clattering down. The Kid halted and sent a couple of bullets whining up the shaft on the off chance. He didn't want to kill the cop, but he didn't want to be crowded. But, instead of halting, the cop unlimbered his own artillery and began to blaze away downstairs. And the cop's gun hadn't any silencer on it.

That did the business. The Kid was just reaching the second floor when something heavy in a blue coat came panting in below. The Kid stopped short, but he'd been seen. There was a spurt of flame in the black hallway, and something splashed into plaster over his shoulder.

There was a door open right beside him. Little Sophie Bladotsky had left it open when she went to play on the fire escape of Minna Yettnavitch. The Kid flashed in there, hunting for fire escape or window.

And he drew a blank. The place was dark and odorous. He could see a couple of faintly grayish rectangles that would be windows. But the Kid was tenement born and bred. He knew they opened on an airshaft that, nine chances in ten, ended in a plain blind pit with a sheet iron padlocked door into the cellar.

So he clenched his teeth together with a click and went racing back to the hall door. There was always a chance in a million that they'd pass it, not knowing which flat he'd gone into.

But they didn't. The Kid had stumbled inside the door. He'd caught himself without noticing, but the cops had noticed. And as he drifted soundlessly to where he could hear anything that would tell he had a chance to make a break for the street, why, a night-stick banged on the door.

"You, in there!" said a voice, harshly. "Come out!"

And the Kid caught his breath. So much of weakness must be allowed him. He was holed up. But then he straightened his tie with his left hand, there in the darkness, and he sent a bullet through the door, by way of answer.

Then he crouched down and waited.

BUT there was no rush of bodies through a splintered door. No bursting in of uniformed figures to find him in the dark, still, cabbage-scented rooms. Instead, there were grunts of satisfaction. Somebody plunged across the area exposed to his bullets and darted down the stairs. There were shoutings outside. The Kid heard the murmuring of a crowd in the street and the curt orders of the cops for everybody to stand back.

The Kid waited. Nothing happened. He could hear authoritative voices down in the street. Somebody clumped up the stairs outside and halted well out of revolver range. There was utter stillness. Then a flicker of light against the crack at the bottom of the door. It showed curiously through the hole the Kid's bullet had made.

Then, a long way off, there was the sound of fire engines. They puffed into Halstead Street. They stopped. Then there were many shoutings and counter-shoutings. The Kid grimaced a little and moved away. His eyes were accustomed to the darkness now, and he was not likely to stumble again.

He drifted soundlessly into the other room. Empty. All empty of people. He searched again for windows opening outside. None. The flat opened only upon a closed-in airshaft that dropped into a concrete pocket. The engines couldn't get to that to pour a stream of water on him.

He nodded in a little satisfaction. Then he heard an infinitely faint creaking. He slipped softly to where he would have a clear view of the door through which he had entered. It was opening, just a crack. He fired instantly.

The door shuddered and swung slowly wide open to the hall. The Kid couldn't go into the next room now. They'd pushed him back so far. But his lips set in conscious grim lines and he tried to laugh as a man should do. The harder they crowded the Kid the worse he'd be.

He no longer wore the expression of extreme intentness his face had shown when he was killing Hunky Mike. That was finished. He hadn't anything to do now but die. He'd patched Stevie's alibi with a bullet. Stevie wouldn't go to the chair, and Elise—now sobbing in the Church of Saint Aloysius of Tours—would give thanks to God for what the Kid had done without assistance.

The Kid smiled in a superior fashion at that

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-THREE]

idea and scratched a match. He deliberately took the chance. There'd be cops at other windows on the airshaft, and they'd tell afterward how the Kid was cool enough to light up and smoke while waiting for the cops to rush him. And he'd leave a very neat pile of ashes and carefully crushed out stubs to prove his calmness while he waited to be killed. Nobody would be able to say he wasn't game.

But he blew out the match with frantic haste. In the act of touching the flame to his cigarette he had seen that the feeble glow touched on a box against the opposite wall, covered with tattered and not too clean rags. An old coat was thrown across it. And the Kid felt cold chills running up and down his backbone. Because the coat was moving up and down spasmodically. Something alive was kicking under it.

The Kid's teeth chattered suddenly. He'd been cool enough when he struck his match. He'd put it to his smoke with a flourish in the knowledge that the cigarette might be his last. But this—this was different.

SHIVERING, the Kid heard men stumbling up somewhere, carrying something heavy. A hose, maybe, that they expected to use. That was all right. He'd found a place where the stream couldn't hit him through any window, and there'd be a solid brick wall behind him. And he'd still command the door. Sure, he could stand 'em off, all right. But——

He heard a scratching sound on the other side of the wall. A voice came through.

"Kid, you'd better come out. We know who you are an' where you are."

The Kid needed time to think. Sweat was standing out on his forehead now. He wasn't afraid for himself. Nix! But he knew what was coming, and that thing kicking contentedly in the box over there. The Kid had been in enough tenements to know a cradle, even when it was made out of a packing box and he'd only got one glimpse of it.

The voice came again, harsh and not coaxing this time.

"You, Kid! Are you comin' out, or are we comin' in after you?"

Damn that cop! The Kid shot venomously at the wall where the voice had come from. He found himself snarling.

"Come on, then, an' get me!"

Cornered. Not a chance in the world to get away. They'd try the hose first and find it wouldn't do any good. Then they'd plug through the walls. They'd get him that way. These tenements were made like paper. They could shoot up through the floor, even.

Outside in the street there was

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-FOUR]

a crowd, held back by the cops. People were whispering to each other.

"They got the Kid holed up. He croaked Hunky Mike on account of him framing Stevie, you know. He's standing 'em off."

They were watching and waiting for something to happen. And half the cops in town were hanging around. There was a shrill and perspiring little guy waving his arms and wailing about the cops breaking up his tenement house to get a man. And the cops were crawling around, closer and closer. . . .

A glare of light smote in a window. They hadn't been bringing a hose, but a searchlight. But it couldn't reach him, any more than a hose could. But the Kid found himself cursing suddenly, almost sobbing.

"Damn 'em! Why don't they come shooting like square guys?"

He was trying not to think. Trying not to see that a little bit of the reflection from the searchlight was shining on a corner of the box. And that the cover was still moving up and down as if something were kicking under it. Then there was a feeble sort of wail from under the coat. Not loud. Not even scared.

THERE was a bellowing explosion somewhere, and bits of plaster spattered to the floor. The Kid felt the tiny shock as the bullet buried itself in the wall behind him. Then another one. Then a shot came up from the floor. That had a different sound. Then one came "pinging" through the window. And one smashed down from the ceiling.

Just slow, deliberate firing. They raked the room up and down and crossways.

The harsh voice sneered:

"Come out, Kid, or we'll blow you full of holes an' drag you out!"

The Kid was no longer a natty figure. His hair was streaking in his eyes, which were snarling and venomous. His mouth hung loose and flabby. But a fierce rage seized him. He wrenched the silencer off his gun and let the huge revolver crash deafeningly. He sent one up through the ceiling. There was a cop up there. And he tried to rake the room below, and he shot venomously at the searchlight, which abruptly went out. Then he hysterically emptied his gun through the wall at the voice on the other side. He knew who that belonged to. It was O'Connor, the precinct captain.

He fumbled in his pockets for more shells and jammed them home while he screamed shrilly:

"Come an' get me, you damn ————!"

He raved. He screamed. He tore at his collar and ripped it wide and stood snarling and crouched in the middle of the room, daring them to come.

III.

IT was the box and the thing that wailed thinly from it that upset the Kid. He'd been nearly content a moment before. Stevie was safe, and that was that. And the Kid had long since decided that marriage would be a good thing for Stevie.

Of course, Stevie was young, only nineteen, but in the wisdom of his maturity the Kid discounted it. Elise was a pretty good kid and she was crazy about Stevie, and if he married her he'd settle down and get a job driving a truck or something. And that would keep him out of mischief.

He was in trouble right now because he'd been trying to imitate the Kid. The Kid knew that it took a man—of, say, twenty-two—to get away with what he did. Stevie, at nineteen, wouldn't have a chance. So it was maybe a good thing that the Kid was going to be bumped off. Elise would comfort Stevie, and that would mean marrying him, and then Stevie would have to settle down.

Such sober reasoning had left the Kid free to play up to the situation in which he found himself. But now he was in a frenzy such as an older—or a younger—man would not easily understand. He had envisioned a splendid ending. Going out amid blazing pistols and crackling bullets. The cops would come in finally and find him propped up against the wall with a grin frozen on his face and his gun still ready to fire. He'd be a tradition and a hero in Halstead Street.

But instead, the Kid knew already what he was going to do. And it caused him a despair nothing else could have produced. Because at twenty-two death is not easily imagined and can be endured, but shame is known and is unendurable.

So the Kid's face was wrenched with the agony of his own private despair when he heard O'Connor's voice again.

"Kid," said that voice harshly, "we're goin' to drill you. When you've had enough, holler."

And then guns began. Their bellowings reverberated deafeningly. They went out in sharp, stabbing explosions to the crowd in the street, and people whispered that the Kid was smoking 'em up. Eyes glistened out there, and there was a surge of atavistic sentiment. Halstead Street knew the Kid, and its sympathies were with him.

But he wasn't smoking 'em up. He was standing in the center of the dark room, his gun in his hand, but he was not shooting. He was sobbing. The air was full of bullets. They were pouring through the walls from half a dozen guns;

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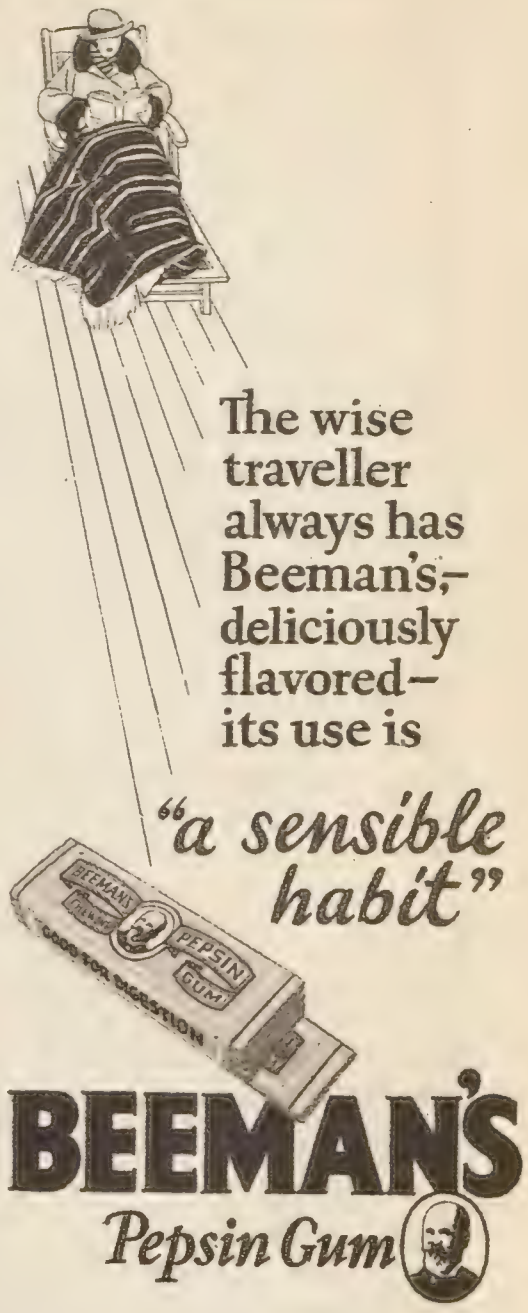

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-FIVE]

from above; from below; from every side. They whined through the air. They smashed into glass. Once one of them battered itself into a shapeless slug against the stove and went screeching about in the blackness.

Then the Kid screamed.

"Stop it! Stop it! I'll come out!"

The firing ceased. And the Kid put his face in his hands and cried. He shook all over with the violence of his weeping. But he made a struggle that no one else could ever understand and stopped. He wiped his face on his sleeve, to rid it of tear stains. He tried to bring together the fragments of his tie.

A FLASHLIGHT fell upon him and he attempted to assume a jaunty pose, but it was not a success. The Kid literally had not noticed that he had been nicked more than once. When he tried to wipe away his tears he smeared his face into a gory horror. And a bullet ploughing up from the floor had split his impeccably tailored trousers to the knee.

"Drop your gun," snarled the invisible O'Connor. "An' put 'em up! No monkey business!"

The Kid obeyed. He tried to summon a smile.

"I'd ha' held out longer," he said jauntily, "but there was a reason."

"Reason, hell!" rasped O'Connor. He came into the room. A cop snatched up the Kid's gun. Somebody grabbed his wrists and put the bracelets on them. "Reason, hell!" rasped O'Connor again. He snarled with satisfaction. "Yellow, that's all. You guns! Huh! Get you in a tight place an' you cave in."

The Kid held out his handcuffed wrists in a negligent gesture.

"A Jew-baby," he observed with the restrained intolerance of the superior man. "You flat-foots were li'ble to plug him any minute. If it hadn't been for that you coulda gone to hell."

O'Connor blanched a little. There would have been trouble in hushing it up, you know, if anything had happened. The papers would not have been polite about police shooting an infant in the attempt to capture a murderer.

It wouldn't have been O'Connor's fault, of course, but he would have gotten the blame.

He went over to the box. His flashlight played on the covering of tattered and not too clean rags with the old coat on top. O'Connor snatched back the coat. He pulled tentatively at the rags. And suddenly he let out a roar and lifted up a bundle that was much too small to be a baby.

Little Sophie Bladotsky had gotten tired of mothering her cat and gone out on the fire escape of Minna Yettnavitch to play. And what O'Connor held up was a puny, bedraggled black kitten still hopelessly ensnarled in the bedclothing little Sophie had put about it. Even on Halstead Street, you know, little girls must have doll cradles and their mothers must find room for them.

O'Connor yelled in sudden laughter. Nobody else even smiled. Maybe the other cops understood the sacrifice of pride the Kid had made. Maybe not. But anyway O'Connor laughed alone in the bullet-scarred room. The Kid clenched his teeth with a click.

"Wait till I tell it!" roared O'Connor gleefully. "The Kid turned up because he heard a cat yowl! Wait till the chief hears it! Wow!"

He sat down weakly to laugh—a great bulk of a man laughing all alone in a darkened room. Something dripped from the Kid onto the floor. There was a small-sized puddle there by this time.

THE cop paused. "Want me to go up with you?" he asked. "Nah!" said Hunky Mike with a sudden snarl.

But the Kid wasn't thinking of that. He was imagining himself dragged out before the eyes of all Halstead Street; not a hero who'd held off the whole force until they croaked him, not even a guy who'd turned up rather than let the cops plug a baby, but a fool who would go to the chair because he couldn't tell a cat's yowl from a baby's whimper. And at twenty-two it is a terrible fate to be shown up as a fool.

The Kid had stiffened. O'Connor rocked back and forth and laughed uproariously to himself. Only he could see any humor in it.

"You think it's funny, do you?" asked the Kid suddenly. O'Connor should have taken warning. The Kid's tone was level and smooth as silk.

"Funny?" gasped O'Connor. "It's a riot! It's a wow! Gave up because——"

The Kid struck sharply with his manacled wrists. He put his whole body into it. A cop grunted in sudden agony. There was dense blackness and then a voice from the door.

"Stay there!" snarled the Kid. "I got a gun! Move an' I plug yuh!"

O'Connor jumped up, his laughter frozen. He and one other plunged for the Kid's voice. There was a flash and roar and the Kid's bullet passed between them just before they jammed themselves in the door. He could have killed them both, then. But he was not there at all. He had gone after firing a single shot.

He had work to do. He had no more than a three-second start and he had to think of his reputation. The cops would tell a tale. The Kid had to discredit it in advance. And so:

HE came out openly on Halstead Street. Slap into the cordon of cops. His face pale and intent and desperate, and his body tattered, bedraggled, and his hands handcuffed but holding a service revolver, he came out shooting.

The Kid was halfway across the street before the cordon of cops could believe it. He was three-quarters of the way across before guns came out. And one cop had crumpled with a bullet in his leg and the Kid was through and in the middle of the crowd before anybody could fire.

The Kid had had to learn the art of losing himself in a crowd. In a halfway friendly crowd there is no trick to it at all, even if one is torn and battered and running now solely on one's nerve. And night was fallen, now, and there were innumerable little rabbit-warren pathways and alleys leading here and there and everywhere. And not too far away there was a car which the Kid had left waiting. It was a closed car and quite incredibly it was still waiting. Shrunk down in its depths, the Kid wasn't noticed in the traffic. He got away.

And that's that. It's no ending for a story, but we warned you that this wasn't really a story. It hadn't any beginning, and there wasn't any clear middle, and the ending hasn't happened yet. But let's see.

Miss Elise McCann gave tearful thanks in the Church of St. Aloysius when Stevie was acquitted. And a little later she was looking at Stevie with eyes that were scared and trembly in that same church. Halstead Street attended in force—largely on account of the Kid. And Stevie got a job driving a truck. . . . And—and——

No. It can't be done. We can't fake a happy finish for this story. You see, the Kid is just twenty-two, and he's worried about Stevie.

Some day the Kid will come back to make sure Stevie's all right and not getting fool notions in his head of trying to imitate the Kid again. And then there'll be an ending to this story. Because the cops know he'll be coming back some day. And they'll be waiting for him.

THE END

In passing the surprise sandwich loaf hold the platter conveniently low.

Care with lifters is the key to avoiding mishaps in serving cheese loaf.

Entertaining at the Afternoon Party

By Ethel M. Somers

IT IS indeed interesting to see how the thrill of autumn in our blood brings out the "party" spirit. Incoming mail at this season abounds in queries for a novel dish which will be the "talk of the party." Last year's friends having spent the summer apart are now gathering with much of interest to tell; hence the present vogue of the friendly afternoon tea party. The ultra smart hostess of today has tired of the commonplace plateful of sandwiches as the usual accompaniment to tea; she wants the food to be in keeping with the occasion—not only delicious but of interesting and distinguished appearance.

The surprise sandwich loaf seems the best answer to this query. For an informal afternoon gathering no table is set but the service tray or tea wagon is brought into the drawing room, living room, or sun parlor with all the accessories for service and placed conveniently to facilitate prompt serving. Crystal cut sugar, a small dish of sliced lemon, lemon fork (usually ivory), cups, spoons, salad forks (if needed), plates, and tea napkins should all be in readiness, to say nothing of the necessary floral touches and the food service itself.

For small informal gatherings it is probably better to have the tea prepared at the tea wagon as well as poured by the hostess as she serves. This involves much more equipment in the way of a heater, kettle of water, et cetera, and very often the tea is simply poured by the hostess, or is served hot from the kitchen. Serve each guest with the plate luncheon and pass the sandwich loaf with an accompanying sharp knife for cutting and a silver server for lifting. In passing such foods when the guest is to help herself, be sure to have the handles of the silver toward her hand and hold the platter conveniently low.

MENU FOR AFTERNOON PARTY

Fragrant Hot Tea *Surprise Sandwich Loaf*
Frozen Fruit Salad

Making Tea

THERE are two types of tea—black teas, such as English breakfast, Formosa, flowery pekoe, pekoe, orange pekoe, China black, and Oolong and green teas, such as gunpowder, China green, hyson, and Japan. Both require slightly different methods of preparation in as much as they are decidedly different in character.

Make tea bags by taking a small square of cheesecloth, adding one teaspoon of tea per cup of water to be brewed, pick up the four corners and tie the tea securely therein, yet loosely enough to allow expansion. Leave a three or four-inch length of string to hang over the top edge of the pot for removing the tea ball. Put the tea ball into the hot teapot (this is most easily heated by allowing hot water to stand in it until ready to use). Pour in the freshly boiled water while still boiling; if the water is not freshly drawn and boiled some of the subtle flavor is lost. If black tea is used remove the tea bag from the boiling water immediately after pouring the water on; if green tea is used allow it to steep or infuse in a warm place but not on flame, for three minutes.

Variations in tea service for the afternoon party may be made by serving with sliced lemons or oranges stuck with cloves if desired; or by sweetening the tea in Russian style with a teaspoon of jam or marmalade, particularly orange marmalade or raspberry jam; or with crystal cut sugar flavored with fruit by rubbing it over the washed rind of a lemon or orange.

Surprise Sandwich Loaf

REMOVE all the crust from a whole loaf of fresh bread and slice the bread lengthwise into four sections, buttering and spreading each slice before it is cut, for convenience. Any of the following fillings may be used alone or in combination, producing layers of varying colors. Put the loaf together like a layer cake, leaving the bread plain on the top and bottom. Wrap in damp cloth and keep cold for one hour or more. Soften a generous quantity of cream cheese (two or three packages to a whole loaf) with sweet cream or a little mayonnaise, color with paprika or leave it the natural yellow. Frost the outside of the loaf with the cheese mixture, decorating it for more elaborate effects with a pastry tube and sliced pickles, radishes, nut meats, gumdrops, etc. Lift onto a long platter and garnish with parsley and radish rosebuds or curled celery.

Fillings

CREAM FILLING. One-half package cream cheese softened with sweet cream or mayonnaise; chopped nut meats may or may not be added.

RED FILLING. Four slices minced ham, two tablespoons chopped pimiento, one tablespoon minced celery, one tablespoon mayonnaise.

YELLOW FILLING. Two hard-cooked eggs rubbed through a sieve and seasoned with one tablespoon mayonnaise, salt, and pepper.

GREEN FILLING. One-fourth cup chopped olives or sweet pickles, three tablespoons parsley, two tablespoons mayonnaise.

Frozen Fruit Salad

1 cup diced pineapple
¼ cup diced peaches
1 diced orange
½ tablespoon sugar
2 tablespoons shredded almonds
½ cup cream, whipped stiff
½ teaspoon gelatin
½ teaspoon cold water, for gelatin
½ tablespoon lemon juice

DISSOLVE the gelatin over hot water and add it to the whipped cream. Add the lemon juice and sugar. Mix the fruit in lightly. Pack in a freezer mold, or into washed baking powder cans. Seal the top with waxed paper, a cloth, and a cover. Pack the cans in an ice-and-salt mixture for two or three hours to freeze. Dip the cans quickly in and out of hot water. Slide the salad out and serve in slices on a bed of crisp lettuce, garnishing with whipped cream and blanched almonds.

Ensemble Costumes Reappear *in* Rich Fabrics

By Mary Brush Williams

FOR a good many years it has seemed as if there ought to be some other way of "marrying" (as the French idiom has it) dress and mantle besides that long-honored one of lining the wrap with the same fabric of which the robe is composed. I am sure we have all grown tired of reading that the inside of the coat was of the same flowered silk as the outside of the dress.

At last the clever French have hit upon several variations to this formula, one of which is demonstrated by the model in the lower right hand corner of the page. The picture made me think that some one must have slung a lace lasso, which had caught the lady wearing that costume somewhere round the knees, and that the lasso ends were pulled their full length at the same latitude with the loop and fastened down across the breadth of the coat.

Of course, the way of it is that the stretch of trimming runs straight across the coat at exactly the same level with the skirt trimming and is of the same fabric as the circle which runs parallel to it round the bodice.

BLACK mongrel crepe dress trimmed in a deep rose colored crepe down the front and across the bottom. This is set in from underneath. The dress is draped very softly on the right side. It is worn with a coat of the same crepe, which has a high, scarflike collar, edged with summer ermine.

LANVIN dress of beige colored lace over brown crepe satin, with the lace cut, front and back, into a deep V. The scarf is attached to the back of the dress with snaps, and when worn with the wrap, comes on the outside of it. The cape is of brown velvet, and this device gives it a satin collar.

In this case the material happens to be of flowered chiffon and the rest of the dress is of lace. But sometimes, especially for those who have yards of old lace in the family, it is used for the trimming with a plain fabric. Yellowish lace with white, black lace with white, and white lace with almost anything is pretty.

The feature of the costume is that the coat looks as if it had caught that dress and held it as its exclusive possession—as if it never could, would, or should be worn with any other wrap. And of course, if madame can possibly afford it, she will have a mantle for every single dress this year. This is really the keynote to the season's costuming; it is seen even in fur coats. Things are not so inseparably ensemble as formerly, yet it must be very clear that one is wearing a costume complete and in a higher sense than merely matching in its component parts. These must blend and harmonize. This is a more difficult feat to achieve than we have been put against in the season ending.

Lanvin has achieved this "marrying" trick in the costuming shown at the top of the page on the right. The dress is of beige colored lace over brown crepe satin, with a long scarf that snaps on. The frock can be worn without this neckpiece, but the general effect is preferable with it on. The feature that we are talking about, however, is how this scarf belongs to the dress and yet enters into the wrap as a very decorative part of it.

In the small accompanying illustration you see the cape made as a part of this costume, and the scarf is drawn over from the dress to wrap round the throat as collar, scarf and, indeed, sole decoration to the mantle. And whereas the dress is of brown silk, the wrap is in velvet of the exact shade, with a silk lining to match the beige lace of the frock. That is cleverer costuming than any mere matching could achieve.

They are making alpaca softer, so that it drapes more gracefully than woolen materials once did. The dress in the lower left hand corner has taken advantage of this achievement. It is of dark blue alpaca, and it displays one of the features of the season, which is a very irregular hem line. The overskirt, you will see, is much higher on one side than on the other.

Jewels are getting to be an important item of dress trimmings. The costume in the upper left hand corner has one, bright green and sparkling, sewed on at the collar, and not detachable as our grandmothers' brooches used to be. The dress is draped softly on the right side only, and the coat which goes with it has an inverted plait in the back.

DRESS of navy blue alpaca with a bright, futuristic pattern painted on it in Chinese vermilion. The skirt is fulled in at the waistline across the front and is much longer on one side than on the other.

DRESS of black lace, inset with flowered chiffon, worn under a coat of black velvet lined with beige colored silk, across which runs an inset of the chiffon.

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